

## IS BRITISH INDUSTRIALISM DOOMED ?

**T**HAT our economic position is desperate is becoming dimly visible to many of our fellow countrymen. Long, very long, after indications of this were to be found in bewildered and anxious letters to the Press, in general conversations in public places, and in the frantically expressed desire of many working men to "get out of it" to the Colonies or America—long after these, have come grudging and fleeting admissions from our rulers. The fullest of these was made by a well-known politician in the House in April last, and was passed smoothly over by all but that small part of the daily Press which prides itself on full accounts of Parliamentary transactions. Informed and disinterested opinion in this country has long been aware of the seriousness of our position and has done what was possible to break the news as gently as might be to a proud community. In this work the greater part of the Catholic press has played an honourable part. To most of such observers, it must have appeared that the recent coal crisis afforded an admirable opportunity for the executive to impart to the citizens the truth which it is now imperative should be generally realized. That truth is, in the words of the politician referred to, that "England is industrially finished."

The proposition does not appear to the present writer to permit of any argument, nor does its pendant, that it is a public duty to make it known. For the final collapse must be sudden and swift. The highly complicated and unstable industrial machine admits of no gradual decay. But the coal crisis passed without any such announcement and the terms of the temporary settlement were such as appreciably to hasten that collapse.

The point is, that "a remedy must be found and found quickly," but how can a remedy be found and applied where the very nature of the disease is not appreciated? It is the purpose of the present article to set forth, without any pretence to exclusive information or original thought, that diagnosis of our diseased condition which alone seems to take

cognisance of all the symptoms. We may first note, however, that all the explanations of the "trade depression" set forth by the secular press are without exception untrue, or are symptomatic and not causal. We may dismiss first the twin bogeys, Communist intrigue and the rampancy of the Trade Unionist. These are, of course, red herrings for the keen noses of old ladies and gentlemen living on dividends, and are no longer taken seriously elsewhere. It was significant that during the late crisis much less was heard of them than in former disputes; most of the references came, after the "settlement," from ministers at their wits ends to justify themselves. Other suggested causes will fall into the general argument.

It seems to be agreed by economists,<sup>1</sup> as a basis of discussion, that a healthy, self-contained and stable community in a country such as England would divide itself roughly into three numerically equal parts. One-third would work directly on the land, the source of all life and wealth; one-third would support the first in those local crafts immediately necessary to it, consisting of millers, weavers, smiths, tradesmen, innkeepers and the like; the third part would make such tools and material as were beyond the local craftsmen, and would also include the clergy, professions, civil services, whatever of external trade or long distance transport might be necessary, police and armed forces and the like. The Catholic would add, following upon Thomist philosophy and the explicit teaching of Leo XIIIth, that such a community (on the material side but with reactions to the spiritual) would be achieving its highest civilization were property widely and equitably distributed among its members. This does not, of course, imply any exclusion of the need for a sound religious and moral basis. It is not touched upon here for the sake of clearness, as being a common factor in any system. That such a society, or an approximation to it, is best calculated to afford happiness and welfare to its members seems to me indisputable on any ground. To the extent to which this balance and proportion are abandoned it will become unhealthy and unstable, and it will finally collapse unless there be some permanent external support.

What are the actual proportions in England? In the first class, on the land, are one million workers, the great

<sup>1</sup> *Implicitly* for the most part. It is not claimed that such a proportion is actually set forth by most writers.

majority landless and propertyless men; the second class we may as a generous estimate quote at two millions, most of them mere distributors for the next class; the third, rounding down drastically to avoid any suggestion of overstatement, we may put at twenty millions, most of whom are factory hands and owners, transport workers, middlemen, officials and the leisured classes. (We may note in passing that two million men are said to earn their living by driving or repairing motor vehicles.) Thus instead of our three equal parts we have a proportion of 1—2—20. This is the climax of the process of industrializing England which began to disturb a substantial balance about 150 years ago. Strictly, of course, the process, in so far as it concerned the undue growth of external trade, began over a century earlier, when supplies were needed for the great trading companies in America and the Indies. It was in this period that the great forests in England were destroyed, with that cynical disregard for the future which distinguishes commercial greed. But the definite lack of balance became apparent only with industrialism properly so-called.

The proportion in itself is monstrous and unprecedented in history. It is too little known, however, that even a hundred years ago, the prospect of a collapse was afflicting the minds of patriotic and intelligent Englishmen, and that intellects such as that of Napoleon fully expected it to occur. In that marvellous record of accurate observation, physical strength and shrewd common sense known as "Cobbett's Rural Rides," nothing is so striking as the close resemblance of the facts he observed to those which are everywhere noticeable to-day. He began his survey in 1821 and continued it at intervals for some ten years. Names and details apart, the account might be penned by an honest observer to-day. Certainly Cobbett is intemperate in expression—he had reason to be—but his recital of facts is not as gloomy as that of many subsequent historians who are considered fully responsible. It is in the amplitude of the general picture that the value of the comparison lies. In the general depression of trade and agriculture, the miseries of the poor in the factories and elsewhere contrasted with the ostentatious ease of the new rich, the crushing load of taxation, the vast extent of unemployment mitigated by feverish work on new roads, the unnatural growth of great towns, with their fringes and suburbs of "tax-eaters' houses," the universality

of paper money, the inflated operations of high finance with its monstrous bubble of credit, the blindness of the educated classes to the approach of disaster, and the ineffective footling of a stupid or corrupt executive, alike in all these we have an amazing picture of the last few years in England.

It is not surprising that in face of the undoubted facts, Cobbett should have predicted an early and complete collapse of the new system; not surprising, that is, especially as it all but happened. What is surprising is that the thing has lasted for another hundred years. Was he wrong in his interpretation or his prediction? No. Like many another great man, his vision was clear, but a fresh factor, of which he could have had no adequate knowledge, intervened to delay the breakdown which he saw was inevitable. The "feelosophers" who calmed the easy conscience of the new industrialists were as foolish as Cobbett said, from Malthus to those of the Manchester School, and others yet unborn, but he could not have been familiar with the entity expressed by the blessed phrase "New Markets." The answer to the question in my title is suggested by those two words. The already toppling edifice of industrialism began three generations ago to be buttressed by the constant opening of New Markets in all parts of the world. The docility of the de-Catholicized English poor under their avaricious masters enabled this country to obtain a commanding lead in New Markets, which all over the world demanded those cheap and nasty stuffs, woven in mills made sufficiently hot and damp by the tears of children, those iron implements cooled in the blood and sweat of a dying peasantry. Other countries, whether from a more dormant greed or from the intractability of their peasantry in face of the new dispensation, or perhaps, as the history books tell us, from their internal struggles for a generation after Waterloo, were far behind us in the race to supply these pleasant and profitable trophies. In the earlier stages, to the continent, America and India, later to the Colonies and the African savages (strange wares these, sometimes!) and throughout to increasingly remote corners of the globe, our industrial products poured in an abounding flood. In return came wealth to a few, and the food we no longer troubled to produce ourselves, masking and again masking the inevitable end of the road.

But by the end of the nineteenth century our lead was lost. Even before the late war, men who were not dazzled by the



false glamour were saying that the edifice again tottered to its fall. But the shadow of it is so great that most men cannot see whence it comes.

*It is not the case that the decline is due to the war*, except that it may have hastened matters by a decade or so. One of the most pernicious explanations offered to us is that we are suffering from the "world unrest" which followed the war, and that when other countries have "settled down" our trade will revive. This, in the nature of the case, is nonsense. In the first place, it is not true that other countries have not recovered. An extremely interesting pamphlet was issued in April last by the Empire Development Union, which gave an analysis of our present trade position as compared with that of 1913, and also similar trade positions for twenty-one foreign countries for which figures were available. With the purpose of the pamphlet, which is in a sense that of party politics, we have nothing to do, but there seems no reason to doubt the *bona fides* of the figures, which are not otherwise readily available. Briefly, then, whereas our exports in the period have declined by 24.5 per cent (real value) those of the other countries are in almost every case individually up to 1913 level, and collectively surpass it by 12 per cent (real value).

But even if it were true that "unrest" in this sense still exists, by what right do we assume that the Markets when they revive will be ours? Our lead in plant and equipment is gone. Indeed, other things being equal, newer industrial countries will naturally have, on the whole, later and more effective types of equipment than ours. I may instance machine tools, where we were once supreme. It is the fact that even in England a workman will not use many kinds of English machine tools if he can get American. Furthermore, what developments industrialism has made in post war years have been entirely in the direction of localization. In India, China and South America to say nothing of our Colonies, factories of all kinds are springing up to make goods once supplied by us. This is inevitable. Two factors in trade are decisive. Distance and safety. We were the "workshop of the world" for nearly a century only because of our start in equipment and the existence of a "proletariat." We had, furthermore, coal and iron deposits undiscovered elsewhere. We have, as shown, lost our lead in the first two. As regards the third, our own supplies are

within sight of failing. (We already import vast quantities of pig iron.) Conversely, supplies of these materials have been discovered, and are beginning to be worked, in most countries which were formerly our markets, and where this is not the case, supplies are available nearer than England. Distance, therefore, in terms of freight and risk of transport, becomes decisive, and no temporary accident can obscure the permanent value of this factor. Moreover, every nation has learnt from the war that it is vital to produce manufactured articles as well as food, as near home as possible. If Australia, for instance, is attacked by Japan, she will want to make her munitions on the spot, and no amount of Imperial Preference will hamper the working of this inexorable necessity.

We have as the sole solution set before us by our rulers, that policy known as Protection or Imperial Preference. It is not in any case fitting to discuss such a political point in these columns, and it is really irrelevant to the discussion of the principles, but I may perhaps point out that even if this policy could achieve all that is claimed for it, its effect would be only to delay the crash for a few years. It is essential to realize that in industrialism, other things being equal, *distance is decisive*, and only by a series of economic and political accidents has the truth been obscured for so long. No tariff policy could possibly prevent any of our distant colonies, over a long term of years, from setting up manufactures on the spot. If there is an iron law in economics, it is this.

There are no New Markets. That, in fine, is the grim fact which the supporters of industrialism in England must face; which, indeed, we must all face if the State is to be saved. I have said that the recent coal crisis should have afforded our rulers a splendid opportunity of telling the people the truth. The brutal fact is that nobody abroad wants our coal, or ever will any more, and that our own internal needs are steadily diminishing. In short, we need fewer mines and fewer miners. The "settlement" will reopen all those mines shut down because they were not wanted, and glut again a glutted market. Was it well done to withhold the truth?

This is an illustration of the danger which by now we may call imminent. We are a nation organized on a basis unjust enough in itself, which must have always New Markets or

collapse. There is no point in attempting an impossible prediction as to when that collapse will come, whether in five years, or ten, or thirty; but he would be a bold man who would give it more than a generation, even assuming continued peace. A temporary "flash in the pan" caused by some political accident or even more than one, is of course by no means impossible, but if the argument be valid the general trend of the graph will be steeply downwards.

But there is worse. The whole weight of financial, industrial and commercial influence, working through all its organs of publicity, is straining every nerve to prevent a facing of the fact. Whether this proceeds from conviction that things can be remedied, from sheer inability to realize that the machine that has brought them wealth for so long can really fail, or from short-sighted greed, "hanging on to the bone," who shall say? Whatever its dark virtues, industrialism is not intelligent, and perhaps the second alternative is true. But this very attitude is an added danger to the State. If we have a generation before us, we shall hardly turn over to a balance before the end; if we have to face that end as we are now it means the abyss. The appalling creation of industrial finance will hold up the crash by "credits" and other juggling until there is a "panic," and then, quite suddenly, the world will refuse us wheat and beef. A man who knows the temper of industrial England might pray, but could not hope, that she would survive.

In those books which pass for history in England, we are told of the criminal blindness of monarchs and Governments at certain stages of our development. The cases of Charles I., James II. and Lord North come readily to the mind. But what will history say of those men who, without the excuse of ignorance or hereditary pride, let the ship of State wallow in the trough to await the tidal wave?

In another article, an attempt will be made to indicate how a beginning might be made to prepare for the new conditions.

H. ROBBINS.

## GOTHIC, "AN IMAGINARY EARLY GERMAN TONGUE"

I AM glad to take advantage of the kind permission of the Editor of *THE MONTH*<sup>1</sup> to recur to the question of Mr. Belloc's *History of England* and in particular to restate with more precision and in fuller detail a difficulty of which the author in his courteous rejoinder seems rather to have missed the point. No doubt, since my reference to the matter was unavoidably brief, it is quite possible that the blame should rest with my own want of clearness and that no lack of discernment is imputable to the readers who have failed to grasp my meaning.

With regard to most of the headings detailed in Mr. Belloc's article, the difference of opinion between us is probably of a nature which discussion would not remove. In my idea such authorities as Sir Paul Vinogradoff, Maitland, Chadwick, W. H. Stevenson, Liebermann, Haverfield, Hodgkin and Petit-Dutaillis are not only remarkable for the thoroughness of their knowledge of detail, attained in most cases by a life-long concentration on their own special field of research, but also for their moderation and breadth of view.<sup>2</sup> It is precisely this combination of learning and well-balanced judgment which seems in these more impartial days to have given them the position which their names undoubtedly enjoy in our history schools. If there are any scholars of equal learning who in recent years have espoused the extreme tenets of M. Fustel de Coulanges and Mr. Seebohm, and who apply them to the history of our country, I must confess that I have not heard of them, neither does Mr. Belloc quote any such. Again the quality of common sense is no doubt invaluable, but before it comes into play, the student of a complicated problem must be in possession of all the available evidence, negative as well as positive, and this mastery can only be attained by specialization and research. The upholders of the Baconian authorship of the

<sup>1</sup> See *THE MONTH*, July, 1925, pp. 20—35; with Mr. Belloc's reply, Aug., pp. 107—118.

<sup>2</sup> If I did not in my previous article appeal to the authority of Mr. Round, as I might have done, it was because, in the case of that very able scholar, the quality of restraint is not so conspicuous.

Shakespeare plays constantly appeal to common sense. Could a man who had produced such masterpieces be indifferent to the literary fate of the offspring of his genius? Could he bury himself in the country without books? Could he have lived so unnoticed among his contemporaries? Could he have left no manuscript behind? etc. In the twentieth century he probably could not, but for those who are familiar with the conditions, social and literary, of Elizabeth's day the problem presents no difficulty. There have been quite a number of Baconians of brilliant ability—eminent lawyers, eminent scientists, eminent politicians, eminent men of letters—but of specialists in the history and literature of the period not a single one has ever embraced the tenets of that heresy. I must own myself, therefore, a believer in the expert knowledge of the specialist, whether the field be palæography, philology, or Roman antiquities, so long as there is no indication of bias and so long as there is a reasonable agreement among such specialists after long years of investigation and discussion. This seems unquestionably to be the case here. I can see no reason for labelling the scholars I have named as party men, as Teutonists, or for dismissing the conclusions about which they are in practical agreement, as of no account. One can only judge of such matters according to one's lights, but that is how the question presents itself to me.

One other remark before I come to the question of the Gothic language and Ulfilas' translation of the Bible. If my friendly opponent were an author of less distinction, only known as a *littérateur* and a writer of fiction, it would certainly be best to leave the matter as it stands, without further comment. But I feel confident that my readers will perceive that my insistence is a tribute as well as a criticism. Mr. Belloc has done great work in the defence of the Church and this very history may be counted upon to bring a Catholic interpretation of facts that are often misrepresented, to the knowledge of many who would otherwise remain in ignorance. He is honoured as a representative layman who speaks with knowledge and authority. His work will be read by not a few as a sort of semi-official manifesto of the Catholic position. Since his reply appeared in the August number of this journal, I have received an anonymous letter which purports to emanate from a Bachelor of Science who also is a graduate in Arts. The writer invites me to recognize that my criticisms of so eminent a scholar were not only futile

but highly unseemly.<sup>1</sup> I mention this, not because I attach any importance to anonymous letters, but because the attitude of my unknown correspondent is probably the attitude of quite a number of others. No one realizes more fully than I do that where I should have one reader my present adversary would have fifty. But it is just here that the trouble lies. In this state of popular feeling what Mr. Belloc holds and defends is very readily assumed by an undiscerning public to be the view of educated Catholics in general and possibly even to be inspired by ecclesiastical authority. In such a case any protest, however undistinguished, may be of service, for I must confess that the situation seems to me likely to create a difficulty for future apologists. In particular it is impossible to view without apprehension the prospect that the Catholic cause should seem to be attached to the chariot wheels of so extremely wayward and extravagant a teacher as Professor Leo Wiener.

In my previous article I stated that it was Mr. Belloc's unqualified endorsement of these American speculations which had betrayed me into active protest, and I pointed out at the same time that the historian's championship had taken a form which might fairly be described as a challenge.<sup>2</sup> So far as I could then learn, or have been able to ascertain since, there is not a single scholar of note who has endorsed Wiener's conclusions. Mr. Belloc certainly quotes none, either in his history, or in his article here, or in his letter in the *Times Literary Supplement* of July 30th. Apart from Mr. Belloc, the only disciple of whom I find mention is a certain Mr. John B. Stetson, not otherwise known to fame,

<sup>1</sup> For the curiosity of the thing, it may be worth while to print the document entire. It begins without any form of address:

"You have received the flattening you well deserve. What useful purpose could be served by your attack on our Catholic historian? It was a shame and a scandal. History is H.B.'s subject: it is not yours. You seem to claim the 'omne scibile.' Your destructive criticism—always cheap and easy—has done harm: your powers could and should have been otherwise used. Why not drop your pen, Herbert, and get ready for what cannot now be long delayed. You take non-Catholics far too seriously. They do not love truth nearly as much as you think and their efforts are full of bias against the Church. Now do give up this criticism.—M.A., B.Sc., etc. (layman)."

The hand is obviously disguised; the post-mark is "North Finchley, N.12." It so rarely happens to me now to be addressed as "Herbert" *tout court*, that the experience causes quite a thrill. I feel I ought to be very grateful to my correspondent for the interest he (or is it she?) takes in my preparation for the next world.

<sup>2</sup> In *THE MONTH* also Mr. Belloc says (p. 116) of Wiener's argument "this is a point of really first rate importance and worthy of an article to itself."



who is thus referred to by Professor Wiener himself in his second book, published two years later. Wiener says:

My "Commentary to the Germanic Laws and Mediaeval Documents" has provoked a storm of indignation among those from whose printed conclusions I differ on the basis of documentary evidence. . . . My works would greatly be retarded in publication, were it not for the generous aid offered me by my former student and present friend, John B. Stetson, Jr., of Philadelphia, whose faith in me and my work still holds in spite of the obstacles I have encountered.<sup>1</sup>

Ten years have elapsed since Professor Wiener's theories were first given to the world. He claims to have demonstrated that there was no such thing as an early Gothic language or an early translation of the Bible, or any part of it, into that tongue. Philologically speaking this would be a most important discovery. It would simply revolutionize the whole science. If there were anything in the writer's argument, one would certainly expect to find it discussed, or at any rate, vehemently attacked. But it has produced no sensation of any kind, obviously because the more eminent specialists, like Dr. Henry Bradley and Professor Giulio Bertoni, have found it too extravagant to waste time upon. Thus in 1918 a very important work upon the Goths was published by M. J. Zeiller<sup>2</sup> under the title of "*Les Origines chrétiennes dans les Provinces danubiennes*," where, at pages 464 to 474, a long section is devoted to Ulfilas. The bibliographical data supplied in this work are copious and up-to-date, but there is no mention of Professor Wiener's book, still less any hint of doubt as to the fact that the Bible, or at least a part of it, was translated into Gothic in the fourth century. The same may be said of the article "Goths," in the "*Dictionnaire d'Archéologie chrétienne et de Liturgie*," published in 1924. All German works would probably be discounted by Mr. Belloc on account of their presumably Teutonic bias.

What, then, is Professor Wiener's contention?

<sup>1</sup> These are the opening sentences of the "Foreword" of his book on "*Arabico-Gothic Culture*"; 1917.

<sup>2</sup> For fear the name of this scholar should suggest Teutonic influences, it may be well to say that his Christian name is Jacques, that he writes in French, that the work is an official publication of the *Ecole française de Rome*, and that it is dedicated to Mgr. Duchesne. M. Zeiller had previously written on the Goths in *Bessarione* as far back as 1904. This article, like all his other publications, appeared in French.

He maintains that the Gothic Bible, said to have been translated by Ulfilas in the fourth century, is a myth. There is, no doubt, a Gothic version of a considerable part of the Scriptures, which is preserved to us in the Codex Argenteus, now at Upsala, and in some other fragmentary manuscripts, but none of these texts, he asserts, can be older than the close of the eighth century. If they were, the alarming consequence would follow that Professor Wiener was quite wrong in declaring that a large number of familiar Teutonic words were borrowed from the Latin legal terminology of the Salic and other early codes or from the Arabic. Mr. Belloc supplies as examples of such words, *shield, war, say, road, rider, ship, book*, etc., and amongst the terms of supposed Arabic origin we have *iron, brook, acorn, roof, oath, sea*, etc., as I noticed in my previous article. Now since the majority of these words occur in the Gothic Bible, it is perfectly clear that if this Gothic Bible were produced in the fourth century, before the Goths had come into contact with the Latin speaking races at all, Professor Wiener's theory has not a leg to stand on. It is essential for his system, which attributes these alleged importations into the Teutonic vocabulary to the intercourse of the Visigoths with the Romano-Arabic civilization in Spain, to maintain that the Gothic Bible, as we know it in the Codex Argenteus and the other manuscripts, is of very much later date, and that it was not in fact written down until the close of the eighth century at earliest.<sup>1</sup> It is this position of affairs which has led Mr. Belloc to speak, in the words which I have quoted as the heading of this article, of "an imaginary early German tongue."

But surely there are serious difficulties in the way of such a view. Even Wiener himself does not dispute that the Gothic Bishop Ulfilas was a real person who had also a devoted disciple, Auxentius, a contemporary, who wrote

<sup>1</sup> According to Wiener's theory "the Goths could only have acquired the word *waitpan*, meaning to throw, from their Frankish neighbours who lived under the Salic law, that is in the second half of the eighth century" (Commentary, pp. 66-67). But the word occurs repeatedly in the Gothic Bible, e.g., in Mat. v., 29; Luke v., 5; John x., 31.

Again, according to Wiener from the word *trustis* of the Salic law (ultimately derived from the Latin *extrudere*) the Goths have obtained the word *trawan*, and through them our Germanic ancestors acquired the forms which are represented in modern English by *troth, true, trust*, etc. But *trawan* also is often found in the Gothic Bible, e.g., 2 Tim. i., 5; Mat. xxvii., 43; Luke xviii., 9, etc. Clearly if this text was written in Dacia in the fourth century the whole theory falls to pieces at once.

about him after his death. Auxentius declares that in his forty years episcopate Ulfilas preached assiduously in Greek, Latin and Gothic; moreover, that "he wrote many treatises and many *interpretations* in these same three languages."<sup>1</sup> The phrase is not quite clear; *interpretationes* might, or might not, mean translations; but in any case he wrote some of these treatises and interpretations in the Gothic language.

How can one possibly write treatises and interpretations in an "imaginary" language? There must have been some sort of recognized literary Gothic in which he was able to express his thoughts and there must have been other Goths who were capable of reading what he had written. Ulfilas was the son of a Gothic father and a Cappadocian mother, and was an itinerant bishop among his father's people, many of whom he is said to have converted. No possible doubt can be thrown upon the testimony of Auxentius who was in intimate personal relations with him.

Ulfilas died about A.D. 381. At that date the Church historian, Philostorgius, an Arian, was 17. In his later years Philostorgius reports that Ulfilas invented a method of writing for his Gothic countrymen and translated the Scripture into their language. Socrates, also a Church historian, but of more orthodox views, who died about 440, repeats this statement in rather vague terms. Other early chroniclers echo the same assertion, including Jordanis, who wrote in Latin in the sixth century. Whether Ulfilas was personally responsible for the Gothic alphabet and the Scripture translations or not, it is the universal opinion of scholars that they belong to a period very little removed from his. The Gothic alphabet is founded, as all can see, upon the uncial Greek writing prevalent at that epoch, but with runic characters added, moreover, several orthographical peculiarities, *e.g.*, the use of *ai* for *e* and of *ei* for *i* (long) reflect the Greek pronunciation of the time. Further, when Philostorgius and Socrates, both of them earlier than A.D. 450, speak of the "invention" of this Gothic script, they must have known that there *was* a peculiar Gothic writing which differed in some notable way from the Greek and Latin alphabets with which

<sup>1</sup> "Quadraginta annis in episcopatu gloriose florens apostolica gratia graecam et latinam et gothicam linguam sine intermissione in una et sola ecclesia Christi predicavit . . . qui et in ipsis tribus linguis plures tractatus et multas interpretationes, volentibus ad utilitatem ed ad aedificationem, sibi ad aeternam memoriam et mercedem, post se dereliquit." See the text in W. Streitberg, "Die Gotische Bibel," p. xvi.

they were familiar. Surely Mr. Belloc will not suggest that the script was invented first and that the language came into existence afterwards.

But there is a great deal more evidence than this. Theodoret, an exceptionally well informed writer, who died before 460, gives an account of St. John Chrysostom's episcopate at Constantinople—Theodoret himself would have been a youth at the time—and he has one brief chapter which bears the heading, "Concerning the Church of the Goths." In this he writes as follows:

It was perceived by John that the Scythians were entangled in the Arian net; he therefore devised counter contrivances and discovered a means of winning them over. Appointing presbyters and deacons and readers of the divine oracles who spoke their own language (*ὁμογλώττους γὰρ ἐκείνοις πρεσβυτέρους καὶ διακόνους καὶ τοὺς τὰ θεῖα ὑπαναγινώσκοντας λόγια προβαλλόμενος*) he assigned a church to them and by their means won many from their error. He used frequently himself to visit it and preach there, using an interpreter who was skilled in both languages, and he got other good speakers to do the same.<sup>1</sup>

That by the vague general term, Scythians, Theodoret means nothing but the Goths is plain not only from the heading of the chapter *περὶ τῆς ἐκκλησίας τῶν Γότθων* but also by several references to this "church of the Goths" found in contemporary writers. Theodoret mentions the "readers" who spoke the Goths own language. Surely if they were to "read the divine oracles" to these barbarians they must have read them in Gothic. If they were only to read in Greek, there was no need to provide Gothic speakers for the purpose. Moreover, we have a sermon of St. Chrysostom himself, delivered in that very church, in which he tells his hearers, "Let not anyone, then, think it an indignity to the Church of Christ that I should have commissioned 'barbarians' [*i.e.*, non-Greek speakers] to stand up and speak before you all."<sup>2</sup> Again, there is St. Jerome's letter to Sunja and Frithila,<sup>3</sup> two Goths who had consulted him on certain difficulties they had found in interpreting the psalms and to whom the Saint writes:

<sup>1</sup> Theodoret, "Ecclesiastical History," Bk. V., xxx.

<sup>2</sup> Migne, P.G. Vol. LXIII., 501.

<sup>3</sup> Sunja and Frithila, it should be noted, were men, not women. Gothic names of men often end in *a*.

Truly in you is fulfilled the word of the Apostle and the royal prophet, "their sound went out into all the earth and their words unto the ends of the world" (Ps. xviii. 5, and Rom. x. 18). Who could have believed that the barbarian tongue of the Getae would seek Hebraic truth, and that while the Greeks are slumbering or even contemptuous, Germany itself (*ipsa Germania*) should be keen to examine the utterances of the Holy Spirit. The hand that has grown horny in its grasp of the sword-hilt and the fingers so expert in fitting the arrow to the bow are relaxing to wield the stylus and the pen, while warlike bosoms melt into Christlike gentleness.<sup>1</sup>

So far as I can ascertain, the commentators upon this letter are unanimous in recognizing in St. Jerome's very long and detailed reply, divided into 86 sections, a conscientious attempt to aid his correspondents in a serious literary undertaking, probably a translation, or at least the revision of a translation, of the Psalms into Gothic.

Finally, a word must be said about the allusions contained in the "De Gubernatione Dei" of Salvian, a work written somewhere about the year 440. Salvian had travelled and had evidently come into personal contact with the Goths and other Teutonic invaders of the Roman provinces. He certainly did not share Mr. Belloc's view that the Romano-Gallic culture of his day had nothing to learn from Germany.<sup>2</sup> But what primarily concerns us here is the indirect evidence he furnishes as to the existence among the Goths of a version of the Scriptures which he evidently regarded as interpolated or vitiated by some heretical teaching. The matter is too complicated to deal with in a few sentences, but Salvian implies that these falsifications were not of recent date, and he also describes the Goths as differing *ritu, lingua* and *cultu* (? "by religious rites, speech and social customs") from the Gallic population whom he is addressing.<sup>3</sup> It seems to me that *ritu* can hardly refer to pagan worship, since these same peoples were in possession of the Scriptures, and it may

<sup>1</sup> Migne, P.L. Vol. XXII., 837.

<sup>2</sup> I would refer the reader to Mr. Bernard Holland's article on Salvian in the current *Dublin Review*, entitled "The Crash of Empire." It might almost have been written as a counterblast to our historian's belittling of all Teutonic influence, political, social and moral. (July, 1925, especially pp. 6-7 and 12-15.)

<sup>3</sup> See Salvian, "De Gubernatione Dei," Bk. V., ii. and v. In Petschenig's edition, pp. 103 and 108.

possibly be that, as Zeiller supposes, they actually had a liturgy in their own tongue, as the Slavs had in the Balkans and the Copts in Egypt. But this is uncertain.

And now let us come to the Codex Argenteus which Wiener and Mr. Belloc regard as so decisive in this discussion. The Teutonic version of the Bible which is commonly known as the Gothic and which is considered to be at least founded upon a translation made by Ulfilas is known to us principally through the Codex Argenteus now preserved at Upsala. The importance of this Gothic manuscript lies in the fact that it is the only one which contains any *considerable* portion of the text of the Scriptures. Here we have 187 leaves and may read more or less continuously the greater part of the gospels of Matthew, John, Luke and Mark. On the other hand—and this point is vital to any understanding of the question—the Codex Argenteus is not the only Gothic manuscript we possess. There are at least five other codices, though these consist only of a few leaves each and are all palimpsests. It would be quite possible to admit that the Codex Argenteus was actually written, as Wiener contends, in the ninth century, and yet the evidence for the early date of the Gothic version as we possess it would remain untouched. We should only have to say that the Argenteus was a late copy of an older text. Personally I do not believe that the Upsala manuscript is of later date than the fifth or sixth century, because I trust the verdict of the scores of expert palæographers who have examined it and are agreed in so describing it, and because I absolutely *distrust* the mental bias and the whole line of reasoning of Professor Wiener. The linguistic forms of the palimpsests are practically identical with those of the Argenteus, but here again the experts are quite independently agreed in dating the under-writing fifth or sixth century. Are they always wrong, and Wiener, who, when he wrote, certainly had not seen the actual parchments, right? He was not even acquainted with the photographic facsimile of the whole Carolinus, though published in 1913, two years before his book appeared. These fragments at Wolfenbüttel are of exceptional importance both on account of their length and on account of the fact that they belong to a bilingual codex in which Latin and Gothic texts face each other. Gothic writing may be hard to date because we have not many specimens for comparison, but Latin palæography is a much more certain



science and here the experts tell us quite definitely that the Latin under-text, which is part and parcel of the Gothic version which faces it, is not later than the sixth century. Even the over-writing cannot possibly be later than the beginning of the ninth century, so that Wiener is forced to take up the position that "the underlying text is not much older than the palimpsest, nay, it may have been written by the same hand, and as the superscribed text is not earlier than the eighth century, the Gothic is not older than the same period."<sup>1</sup> In other words, in this most carefully written uncial manuscript in two languages, which from the fragments must have been of considerable length, Wiener supposes that within a few years of its completion the text was all rubbed out again and the vellum used for another treatise. He seems to think that this kind of process was carried out as easily as writing on a slate. And he will have to say the same of the "Skeireins" and of three other palimpsests preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan, except that these last do not appear to be bilingual.

Then there is the palimpsest fragment of the Gothic calendar preserved in the same Gothic writing and forming part of another text of the Gothic Bible in the Ambrosian Library. According to Wiener the people who wrote the "Skeireins" and made the Gothic version were Adoptianists of the time of Charlemagne. Now we know for certain from Auxentius that Ulfilas was an Arian. In entire accord with this ascertained fact the calendar is beyond all question Arian.<sup>2</sup> It commemorates on November 6th the Arian Archbishop Dorotheus of Tyre, who died on November 6th, in the year 407. Also it commemorates on November 3rd the Emperor Constantius (though the name is slightly miswritten as Constantinus), who died on November 3rd, 361, and who was a great champion of the Arians. Why should the Adoptianist Goths of the time of Charlemagne have any interest in Arian heroes who lived four hundred years earlier, the more so that, in Wiener's and Mr. Belloc's view, writing and records were unknown to such barbarians? On the other hand assuming the widely attested tradition that Gothic writing and the Gothic Bible originated with the Arian Goths at the close of the fourth century the preservation of such a calendar at

<sup>1</sup> Wiener, "Commentary," p. xliii.

<sup>2</sup> See Père Delahaye in the "Analecta Bollandiana" (1912), xxxi., 274—278.

the end of a biblical text is the most natural thing in the world.

I am glad that Mr. Belloc is satisfied as to the quite early date of the Codex Brixianus, for that manuscript supplies me with another valuable argument for the reality of the Gothic tongue and the existence even then of a Gothic version of the Scripture text. The Brixianus has a preface, though the concluding part is unfortunately wanting. In this preface the writer anticipates that a difficulty may arise here and there from one thing being found "in the Greek, and another in the Latin or in what is called the Gothic." The context shows that the writer is speaking of versions of the Scripture and he explains that the word **UULTHRE** will be used in the margin to call attention to these perplexing passages. This word **UULTHRE** is unmistakable Gothic and seems to mean "note." Professor Burkitt, who long ago called attention to this feature, draws the conclusion that the Preface now found imperfectly in the Codex Brixianus was originally written to serve as the introduction to a bilingual, or possibly trilingual, codex, analogous to that of which fragments are preserved to us in the Carolinus.<sup>1</sup> The conjecture has found universal favour and it may be said now to be the received view.<sup>2</sup>

But perhaps the most conclusive argument of all may be drawn from a small fragment of manuscript now preserved at Giessen. It was bought from the Arabs in 1908 near the site of the ancient Antinoë, in Egypt, together with a number of other miscellaneous sheets, by a small party of scholars sent out officially by a German University Board to collect such antiquities as they could pick up. It was seen at once that part of the writing was in ancient Latin uncials, but the other side which it was not easy to decipher was assumed to be Coptic. When it reached Germany it was found on more careful examination that the supposed Coptic sentences contained the text of several verses of the Gospel of St. Luke in Gothic. The Latin portion represents a text closely approximating to that of the Codex Brixianus and the experts assign it without hesitation to the fifth century; the Gothic is

<sup>1</sup> See Burkitt in the "Journal of Theological Studies" (1899). Vol. I. pp. 1 seq.; and cf. Dräseke in "Zeitschrift f. wiss. Theologie" (1907), L, 107—117.

<sup>2</sup> See Kauffmann in the "Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie" (1900), pp. 305—325; and Nestle, "Einführung in das Gr. N.T.", 154—155.

evidently of identical date, for the fragment belongs to a bilingual codex of the same kind as the Carolinus.<sup>1</sup> A more satisfactory proof of the existence of a Gothic translation of the Gospels in the fifth century could hardly be imagined.

I fear that this will have proved a very wearisome catalogue, but a word must still be said on Wiener's argument from the Eusebian Canons in the Codex Argenteus. My answer is that though the Eusebian Canons in an architectural framework of columns and arches only became common in western manuscripts during the Carolingian period, they are found much earlier in Greek and Syriac codices with just this type of decoration. If Mr. Belloc doubts it, I would invite him to inspect a fragment of these Canons in MS. Addit. 5111 at the British Museum (it is from a Greek codex of the sixth century)<sup>2</sup> or to read the article by Ebersolt, "Miniatures byzantines de Berlin" in the "Revue Archéologique" for 1905. The inspiration behind the Gothic Bible was primarily Greek not Latin. The text to which the translation approximates is the combination EFGHSUVAT, the same which we recognize in the works of St. John Chrysostom. It was with Constantinople, not Rome, that the peoples of Dacia and Mœsia in the fourth and fifth centuries had principally to do. If Gothic texts were copied at Bobbio it is likely enough that the scribes would reproduce not only the script but the style of ornamentation of the codices they had before them. Moreover this arcading type of framework for lists of names and figures was familiar at an early date in Rome itself, as may be seen in the calendar of Philocalus of the year 354.<sup>3</sup> To me, I confess, Professor Wiener's argument based on the decoration of the Codex Argenteus seems extremely feeble and I cannot see that Dr. Bradley in a short review of a couple of pages in which he had so many much more important things to point out could be expected to discuss it seriously. It must surely be plain that, as remarked above, the age of the Codex Argenteus, *pace* Professor Wiener, is *not* a vital point in deciding the

<sup>1</sup> See for all this Glaue and Helm in the "Zeitschrift für Neutestamentliche Wissenschaft" (1910). Vol. XI. pp. 1-38. The article is accompanied by excellent photographs of the manuscript.

<sup>2</sup> It is reproduced by Haseloff in "Codex Purpureus Rossanensis" (1890), p. 45.

<sup>3</sup> See Strzygowski, "Die Calenderbilder des Chronographen von Jahre 354," plate ix. and pp. 34-35, and p. 105.

date of the Gothic Bible. Though the Argenteus were written in the tenth century even, the single leaf of old parchment at Giessen would suffice to prove that the Gothic writing and the Gothic version were already in existence before Clovis was born.

I have only space to say a very few words upon Mr. Belloc's contention regarding place names. He gives a list of thirteen names in Sussex, remarking, "You may say on reading them, 'five of these names are clearly aboriginal, another six have become Teutonic, and two, or perhaps three, are a mixture of the two.'" I am afraid that I should not be tempted to answer offhand or to speak so positively. I should have to ask for time to look up the earlier forms of these names and to ascertain at what dates they were first heard of. As it happens, there is a very scholarly book on "The Place Names of Sussex," by R. G. Roberts, published by the Cambridge University Press. In that work, which gives definite references to the earliest ascertainable record of the appearance of the names in question I find that Lewes, Hamsey, Coombe, Kingston, Iford, Swanborough, Houndean, Southover and Clift Hill are given as altogether English, *i.e.*, Teutonic. Glynde is stated to be probably a Celtic word and presumably Glyndebourne contains the same first element. Mount Caburn and Ramscombe are not mentioned. Obviously Mr. Belloc and the authorities of the Place Names Society who have at any rate devoted a very large amount of careful research to the subject before framing their conclusions are not likely to take quite the same views of these etymological questions. Then Mr. Belloc sets down a list of eighteen names around Dartmouth, "in a district which no one has ever maintained to be settled during the Anglo-Saxon raids," and he finds that the proportion of Teutonic names is slightly larger. Even if it were, I do not see how this will help us. How has this selection been made; and more important still—When were these names first given? If Mr. Belloc can show that these designations were all in existence before the time of King Alfred I admit that his argument would be effective; but if these names cannot be traced further back than the time of Elizabeth or Edward I., it seems to me that the argument proves nothing at all. A stranger comes into an unsettled district and builds a house. It gets a name somehow and if others settle near him the

name will probably be perpetuated. The character of the name will depend in most cases upon the language spoken by this first occupant and those who follow him. The first and primary need is to date the names, selecting more especially those which occur in pre-Norman deeds. In my judgment it is only a scientific and very patient inquiry which can possibly lead to any results of value. But scholars like Stevenson and Maitland who base an argument on place names have taken pains to test their conclusions, and, believing in experts as I do, I trust their results as a permanent acquisition to knowledge.

In conclusion I should like to add that if I have spent most of my space in dealing with one out of the many headings in Mr. Belloc's article, that is not because there would not be much to say about the rest. The point selected is, after all, that which he himself describes as "really of first rate importance and worthy of an article to itself."

HERBERT THURSTON.

## CELTIC AMERICA AND THOMAS WALSH

THE pilgrim to Gettysburg, most legendary of American battlefields, will come upon a stone which marks an incident probably without parallel in history. It was there that an Irish chaplain, taking upon himself the canonical responsibility for his deed, gave general absolution to an Irish brigade under fire. One begins to realize after a little while how many things had to be accomplished in preparation for this simple act of sacramental benediction: the migration of a great throng from Erin, its gradual absorption into the Republic, its conservation of an aged faith and hope, which during many years were pitied and despised. Only a few summers before Gettysburg, Hawthorne had jotted down sharp, realistic, commiserating notes descriptive of Irish poor along the Kennebec, and Emerson had begged tolerance for the "Irishman and the negro" in the same breath. And so I think that this rough Gettysburg stone is a kind of symbol. It seems to represent the successful consecration of the Irish race, with everything it has held sacred, to the great American purpose of building a new and unfettered nation. Celtic footsteps have been heard on all sections of the national scaffolding, and are unmistakable to-day, even though much has happened since 1863. The Irish have grown in Boston faster than shamrocks grow in Killarney; they have tightened their grip on all the comfortable political jobs in New York; their children have lost the native accent in good colleges: but they have not yet become identified with the level throng, stamped with the one prevailing number, absorbed into the huge, undistinguishable everybody.

Were we to ask ourselves then, what has been the Irish contribution to American culture and particularly to American letters, we should expect to receive an interesting answer. For it is quite true that as yet nobody can talk sensibly about the literature of the United States, but only about the *literatures* of the United States. Our differences are the deepest, most vital things about us: in so far as we are not still a floating mob, we bury our fingers in the cavernous foli-



age of our separate pasts. The very individuality of the Irishman—his tenaciously preserved sense of race and creed—forecasts a piquant and valuable literary expression. But unfortunately the trend of historical circumstances and social conditions have pretty badly clouded the Irishman's understanding of his artistic inheritance. The names which are usually accepted as representative of Celtic poetry and imagination in the United States are names with really very bad titles to their claim. Almost all of them belong either to the school of Tom Moore, who dashed off jingles in a kind of lithographed version of English journalism, or to the band of pompous rhetoricians who never learned the difference between bombast and dictional glory. Irishmen themselves seem incapable of critical discernment. And it is precisely because of these things that it seems rather important to bring to more general attention an American Irish writer who has honestly exploited his people's cultural inheritance—the poet, Thomas Walsh.<sup>1</sup>

I am quite aware of seeming to slight popular choice for the sake of upholding a personal preference. But it is only too true that any critic who might care to evaluate contributions to American Catholic letters would have to begin by throwing "established reputations" overboard. These "reputations" have all been set up by good but myopic people whose legitimate wish to foster pious reading has blinded them to the merits of whatever they and their followers could not immediately digest. For over half a century Catholics generally have been chained to the burden of literary dribble by these undiscerning publicists, losing therefore not merely their potential influence with the general public but their own sense of a radiant artistic tradition. It needs only a skimmed ounce of critical reflection to assure us that the true Irish spirit is not expressed in the easy quatrains, the slapstick oratory, and the tepid fiction which flooded the nineteenth century with so much avowedly "Celtic imagination." All this was really nothing more than the popular journalism of a people which had been divorced from schools, from art, from its own native poetry. It was the prattling of a nation which centuries of enforced peasantry had cut adrift from the past.

<sup>1</sup> Of course Mr. Walsh is not the only genuine Celtic American poet. But the others,—notably J. Boyle O'Reilly and T. A. Daly—belong to a different school. Their work has grown out of American journalism which Irishmen, and men of Irish descent, have done much to brighten.

Nor ought we to seek the Irish spirit primarily in that sweetly cadenced folk-lore of which so much has been made by Synge and the National theatre generally. The hearth-fire poetry of the Aran Islands is a thing of value, even of beauty, but I do not think that it is really Ireland. That we can find only by seeing once again what was the groping, intricate vision of the Bardic schools; by studying attentively the indefatigable finesse of mind which flowered in the genius of Scotus; and by solving the tangled but miraculously lovely art which made Celtic illuminations the delight of the world. When the Irish mind and heart were developing under the warmth of a genuine civilization, they were not simple, childish, bumpiously oratorical; they were poetic in a strangely complex way, because they were subtle, refined, and almost inimitably exquisite. It is because Thomas Walsh has lived half unconsciously in this Irish tradition that he is a really memorable representative of his race in America.

All of which should not imply that Mr. Walsh is a stranger to the reading public. Few American poets have been more productive: he has published four generous volumes of original verse, a monumental anthology of poetic translations, and a vast number of uncollected fugitive and occasional poems. To this work in a favourite art he has united an industrious scholarship which has been at the service of magazines and publishers of informative books. His life opened with a strict, thorough education at the hands of Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown, oldest of the Catholic colleges in the United States. This was rounded out both by attendance at other schools and by extended trips abroad, so that finally he could feel comparatively sure that the world of historical culture was not a closed book to him—that, without surrendering interest in the life of the present, he had entered the cultural past much farther than even the average *élite* of his country. Add to this a life-long residence in the literary centre of America, where as the neighbour of whatever cénacles were forming he came to know most of the generally accepted artists and certainly all who were doing something to express Catholic or Celtic emotions. Ties of friendship bound him close to the American poets of the far West; to such circles abroad as that which grouped itself round the venerable person of Mrs. Meynell; and to coteries of Spanish artists both in Europe and in South America. We are deal-

ing, you see, with a man who has at least struggled blithely to master the tide, and not with either an æsthetic recluse or a naïve provincial rhymester. These things have not, however, made him a person about whom the average citizen is well informed; and the great majority of those who share his racial ancestry of his religious faith seldom know even his name.

"Prison Ships and Other Poems," which appeared in 1909, was a choice of brief poems written during ten youthful years. There is a great variety of themes and stanza-forms: a stately sonnet commemorative of Milton's tercentenary stands close to a graceful triolet which celebrates love. The book is also manifestly that of a poet who has been captivated with a great many masters—Milton, the old ballads, Swinburne, and Miss Guiney. Yet the whole series of lyrics is singularly unified by a mood of insight into the brevity and sadness of life, voiced not in the tones of romantic despair but of the strange sweet melancholy of a Catholic Celt. There is always resignation, always confidence in the peace of God. The woes of the human spirit are seen, as Shelley saw them, provocative of the best melodies of the heart, but our poet knows that they lead us to the feet of Him whose sacrifice was greater than man could bear.

Several of the finest poems in this early volume dealt with Spanish themes, and one of them—the exquisite "In the Cloister of San Juan"—may be taken as the first instance of what was to become Mr. Walsh's chief poetic preoccupation. To interpret the life of mediæval Spain, fantastically but nevertheless realistically, was an attractive purpose and one which, as he gradually achieved it, is unrivalled in English letters. From early youth he had, indeed, been fascinated by the literature and history of the great people who number Cervantes and St. Teresa among their masters. He had wanted to know Spain, to steep his mind in her lore, to linger amidst her sombre gardens. As he grew older, Spanish philosophy and mysticism answered the questions he was putting more and more insistently to life, Spanish humour satisfied his intelligence, and Spanish art quieted his hunger for beauty. Yet he took all these in the Irish fashion, weighing them with the eye of a troubadour fundamentally too light-hearted to be burdened heavily with his meditations. The great spirits before whom he bowed did not hide from him their foibles, their quaintnesses and exuberances. He

may be said to have met them while they were still very much alive.

The best of this Spanish work is to be found in "Pilgrim Kings" and "Don Folquet." In general it adopts the form of blank-verse dialogue, woven round a slight but pointed psychological plot. The characters are real and revealing: they act and speak like people with honest lungs and hands, but they also manage to convey their secret philosophies and faiths. Each poem touches upon a significant artistic or intellectual phase of old Spanish life, and so revels in a gorgeous background of intellectual treasure. We may take as a random example the thoughtful and melodious "Greco Paints His Masterpiece." The old painter is conversing with his ecclesiastical patron, the Cura of Santo Tomé, Toledo. They interchange remarks which summon up with miraculous swiftness the antique atmosphere of the city: shrewdness, interest in contemporary poets, concern with the theology then so firmly driven home by the Inquisition. El Greco's masterpiece, the Burial of Don Gonzalo, is unveiled: the patron is enchanted by the realism and technical excellence of the canvas, but the old painter sternly draws attention to the spiritual meaning of his work and so explains it to us.

The crucifier lifts up the Sign  
Of our Redemption till it cleaves the bound  
Between us and our goal. A seraph wing  
Denoting love-entire is cleaving through  
The cloud that is half winding-sheet,

is part of Greco's profound and scintillant comment. Rarely has a work of art been so subtly interpreted, and perhaps never has an interpretation of such value been expressed in verse so masterfully vivid and suggestive.

Two of these poems deal with El Greco; Goya, Murillo, Velasquez and Egidio of Coimbra are the subjects of others. If the whole series could be correlated in sequence, it would provide a singularly illuminating commentary on Spanish culture. Unfortunately the separate poems are scattered among collections of lyrics which, it must be admitted, are seldom of the first order. Mr. Walsh seems to have lost most of the native song gift with early youth, and most of his later trifles are somewhat heavier than air. Of this we shall have more to say later on, being content for the present with seeing what strong, colourful light the poet has thrown upon an epoch of Catholic romance. The quest for this—the beau-

tiful old life which rose like some undreamed-of human incense from the thurible of a sainted civilization, but kept the tang of earth and primitive emotion—was finally the only thing which drove him to write well. And write he did, grotesquely, intricately, musingly, like a mediæval clerk who was both *trouvère* and penitent.

His finest achievement, possibly, is "Don Folquet," a lengthy romantic poem dealing with a dramatic episode in the religious history of Toulouse. He is a sorry reader who cannot enjoy the barbaric splendour of this blank-verse and the stormy tension of the story it unfolds. Don Folquet, the merry minstrel, whom remorse drives to a monastery whence he is summoned by a Papal decree making him Bishop of Toulouse and enemy of the Albigenses, is a gaunt, stumbling but impressively virile character set appropriately against a background magnificent with music and shadow. His story, as Mr. Walsh relates it, has not been read as often or as diligently as it deserves—mostly, it seems to me, for the reason that the telling demands of the reader something like the intelligence called for by the verse of Browning.

I do not wish to imply that Mr. Walsh's art bears a noticeable resemblance to the style of *Paracelsus*. The difference between the two men is, in fact, the difference between Dublin and Camberwell, or—more soberly—the Scholastics and the Nonconformist catechism. But it is true that neither is a lyric writer in the sense insisted upon by the "spontaneous school" which has flourished since Wordsworth, or the "bird notes" which Cavalier poets inherited from the days of Elizabeth. You will find in Mr. Walsh's books extraordinarily few of the smooth little songs which swim so easily into every anthology. His work is not facile but fantastic—it is the richly embroidered, subtle, fundamentally intricate poetry that has always been the real artistic speech of Irishmen. There is passion and delicacy, moral reflection, and even deep brooding over the irony of human life,—all the fruitful materials of verse,—but everything is cast into the curiously interwoven patterns of Celtic melancholy and understanding. Nevertheless the word *æsthete* was never more inappropriate than here. The constant flutter of culture, the flash of modernistic technique across the page, do not obscure the solid horizons of a great, sure tradition. Mr. Walsh's strains of reverence are honest; his psychology is robust; and his frequent grotesques are genuine. A poet

who can shout, caper, spin the thread of an immeasurably fine idea, stand awe-struck in the presence of sanctity—such a one is too virile for the eighteen-nineties or any period when hats are more highly esteemed than heads.

These aspects of our poet's style are apparent enough in the dramatic poems, but they are likewise displayed, with a sharper flavour of personality, in the translations from the Spanish for which he is best known. Mr. Walsh's versions of Fray Luis de Leon and Ruben Dario are easily the best renditions from Hispanic poetry into English. The austere mysticism of the one and the romantic outcry of the other are caught up into limpid stanzas that are astonishingly like the originals. Few will deny that the art of translation is a master's craft—that nowhere else is success more difficult for dullards and daubers, or creative skill so rare. These versions are so advantageous a source of stimulating information about the genius of Spain that they will hold their place for many years to come.

From them it is only a step to the varied "Alhambra Songs," which form an important part of our poet's work and which conjure up some of the Moorish colour so often misunderstood and yet so essentially interwoven with the glory of Spain. But the reader who would see Mr. Walsh at his ease, elbowing the world-travelled crowd of Manhattan, ought to know the extraordinary series of "Mother Goose Sonnets" which serve as sauce to *Don Folquet*. Here he is prodigal of his humour, his zest for lore, his sharp critique of falsified modernities.

What can profitably be said of a poet who has infinitely much to say for himself? Here once more the safe rule of criticism is the ancient mandate, *Tolle, lege*. When one tries to summon up an impression of this work as a whole, its expression of the varying moods of a modern lifetime, its blend of contemplation with zest for the deeds of the hour, its scholarly wit and its divining admiration of what is beautiful and great in the Christian past, one is struck first of all by the utter absence of morbidity and affectation. This is poetry which has somehow been cleansed and dyed in the flood of a greater art than it itself can be—the wonder, the ecstasy, the pathos of romantic days. To be truly romantic seems in itself a pledge of wisdom. A man need expend only a little effort to befuddle himself with mediæval twilight and gothic gargoyles, but it requires a stout heart and a



hale mind to draw near to the supreme vision which once hung over Europe like a mothering hand. Few have the patience or the enthusiasm to seek it out. Yet there are moments, for all of us, when the blood of our ancestry stirs us, like the constant booming of a bell, to a tryst with Arthur and the scholars of Cluny. We Americans especially can hardly understand ourselves—can scarcely get our bearings in the tremendous drift of accelerating moments—unless in one way or another we draw close to the springs whence the hopes of our race leaped up during that long yesterday when we learned the meaning of Greece, of Rome, of Calvary. We are poets only when our hearts are warm, and there is little on the current of life to feed the immortal fire. And so, in the midst of the frenzied debate for gold, might, technical skill, comfort, an occasional shout of spiritual discovery—is a priceless proof of vitality, even though it pass almost unheard by the throng.

The poet of whom there has been talk here has not been served with thick incense by the populace. There have, of course, been hours when he might feel comparatively sure that many who listened understood a little. But all such things are of secondary moment. The great service of Mr. Walsh has been to write excellent verse of which his people, whether in their graves or yet to be, need not feel ashamed. It has expressed them, their ideals, their realities. "I have written no commonplace, nor a line that licked the dust," said Hazlitt, thinking that he might therefore reasonably claim to have been true to himself. But any poet who is pledged to a coherent spiritual outlook must also be true to all those who, like himself, have given their hearts to the goal. My aim has been to show that in this respect Mr. Walsh has not failed, and that his work represents the Celt. Whether it will be recognized for what it is remains to be seen. There is no element in the American population which might conceivably have so much to resurrect and declare as the Irish. When the hour comes for them to undertake the renaissance of culture which has as yet been only feebly sporadic, it may be of some advantage to turn to the books of their one genuine American poet and so find the way back to immemorial things which bring comfort to the heart.

N. SHUSTER.

## A MODERN STYLITES

THE Old Captain, as the country side calls him in a loving tone, very graciously allowed me to rehearse in print some notes I gathered in a few precious hours at his mountain oratory. His real name—it is known to countless readers—need not be revealed; and the precise point of the longitude and latitude of his abode may likewise be concealed. It is sufficient to state that he dwells in a compact cottage which is set firmly in a charming dimple of a high hill in Nova Scotia, the hill itself looking firmly and cheerfully north and east, northward across the ingoing Straits of Northumberland, and on clear days saluting eastward the skyline of Cape Breton. If you look thither, he will probably quote a Scripture to you—*mons montem salutat*; for his erudition is prompt with many sentences out of The Book. And if you gaze at the meeting of the waters where the Atlantic takes the Gulf of St. Lawrence, he will add *abyssus abyssum invocat*. And again, if you chance to be his guest on a night of eloquent skies he will call to witness the truth of an Old Testament sentence: "The stars are called in their watches and they answer, 'Here we are'; and with joy they shine forth to Him that made them." Read in modern literature also, he will add, "Matthew Arnold tried to put that joyous line into his cold poetry."

It is not the air alone, howsoever bracing, that gives him this genial responsiveness and his sparkling eyes. His habitat may well claim a credit page in his book of health; but there are other contributors to that department, his own sane soul being the chief nurse of his sound body. However, he will endeavour to divert your attention from his own wholesome nature, and direct your consideration to the inspirational values of the scenes around his abode. "There is the great apothecary shop," he says; and his gesture points out the curative shelves of the obedient skies and the patient hills and the refreshing sea. "A good world, as it was," he began to quote a poem by Louise Imogen Guiney; and when I attempted to misapply a line from Wordsworth, "The world is too much with us," he replied with a genial smile, "Man's misuse of the world is too much with us." And he fell into a dignified protest against the near-sightedness of what he termed the literature of modern Broadways, the skin-deep analyses of Babbitt books and of Gopher Prairie quillists.

From the very first visit I was curious to learn how he came to settle in that remote solitude, like the proverbial sparrow on the housetop; or again like a Saint Simeon Stylites who went aside from a luxurious society for prayer and penance in a desert. Saints had often refreshed the falling condition of society by their sacrifices; seculars had constantly asserted that a hermitage is salutary, Charles Lamb saying that solitude is the sweet nurse of thought, and Bourke Cochrane that isolation is the price of greatness. From the chaplain at a college four miles away, where I was giving some conferences, I gathered a few fragments about the antecedents of the Old Captain. It was conjectured that he had been an editor and lecturer in the States; that a serious illness had deflected him from his strenuous activities; and now, nearly seventy years of age, having renewed his youth like the eagle, he chose to live on in the environment where he had recuperated his health. I dug out some paragraphs which he contributed to the local diocesan journal during his convalescence; and the editor was pleased to whisper to me that though the *clientèle* of this journal were in the main the simple farmers and fisher-folk of the countryside, yet these paragraphs, being veritable touchstones of thought and criticism, were copied in many newspapers of America and England, "in the manner of syndicate copy."

The themes of these little essays supplied me with a cue for conversation on the evenings of visit, which indeed were nearly every night; for it was a pleasure to walk the four miles after a day in the academy to have a colloquy with a true academician. If a Londoner, stepping aside from the rain, could detect the learned Edmund Burke after a few minutes of a doorway conversation, one could as promptly conclude that the Old Captain was a man of extensive reading. If you are adept in diagnosing manners you would readily see that his had been learned in the great school of refinement, namely, patience and resignation; and further still, while some degree of his conversational facility might be attributed to his learning and to his experience and environment, yet he would graciously maintain that he came from a race endowed with readiness of speech; he quoted on one occasion Alice Stopford Green's historical note,— "The house of every Irish chieftain in mediæval times was an academy of courtesy and conversation."

Though he could invest an argument in the strict logical

processes, he seemed to prefer the telling force of an apt illustration. "When one is not in formal controversy," he said, in explanation of his predominant method, "the scene is not set for the driving manner of logic. Then the illustration serves; either conviction follows or silence." And with a knowing smile, he added, "Generally it is silence; for your modern squirms away from conviction. If you pin a conclusion on a cushion of premises, your evading opponent will say aloofly that you are tagging things too insistently."

Growing into his confidence and therefore intimacy as the evening progressed, I gathered a few of these responses that he made recently to some visitors; for even in that remote countryside, travellers occasionally came to his yard,—people who, after scanning the scenery from the motor road below would climb to his shelf on the hill for the wider prospect. "If they have time to rest awhile," he remarked, "they soon turn from these terrestrial horizons to thoughts of deeper and further import . . . religion, of course. They guess at mine when they notice the crucifix above my porch." And the Old Captain, as I said, permitted me to retell some instances of his replies, "to White and Black and Brown," as he named three of the visitors.

"Mr. White," he went on, "an American tourist, was here recently. We had the usual half hour about the vistas by sea and land, and then he angled for a few moments with the hook of religious allusions. The Holy Year became a topic, and I found him enthusiastic about the Brotherhood-of-Man idea as he saw it in this worldwide gathering of pilgrims in the Eternal City. He had enthusiasms on other Catholic topics; and his tone was sincere as he thanked me for some answers to his questions, answers that contained after all only the elements of our teaching. As he went down the hill late that evening, he turned for a few moments in solemn silence, and then made ejaculations about the sublimity of the Catholic Church, about its fullness, of its response to all the appeals of the human heart and life; then, strange to relate, he added with dramatic intensity, 'I think I would be a Catholic only for the fact that there are so many millions of Catholics who know little or nothing about their great religion.'"

The Old Captain knew the art of pausing, though a listener was intent. "I began to tell him," he went on, "that nearly every parish sermon urges on Catholics the need of knowing

their holy religion more fully, when suddenly I turned to a parallel for a response. In the late war, I said, we had millions of American men under arms, a million or perhaps more, already in the trenches, ready and earnest to die in their country's cause; and they were right to be willing to make that sacrifice of their lives. Yet of that vast army, not fifty thousand knew the Constitution of the United States, knew even the Declaration of Independence, nor the history of the Stars and Stripes. But . . . they knew their country. . . . I did not need to urge the parallel. . . . His eyes told me that he saw the point. He pressed my hand warmly and went away in silence, realizing, I think, that the millions of Catholics know and love and obey the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church though they have not read its theology nor mastered the ritual."

Another American tourist was Mr. Black. "He came this way from a New England city during the war, having a two-weeks' furlough from a training camp. It was not long before he touched upon religion, anxious, as he said, to get the Catholic view-point, as he was engaged to a Catholic girl. We drifted about for some minutes on the borders, so to speak; then I asked him if he could give me a starting point in his own beliefs, some fundamental tenets that he held. He gave a few vague and indefinite statements that he remembered from lectures under Professor Royce. . . . I tried another method of arrival: I asked him to state very candidly some Catholic doctrine or practice which tended to jar him in his attitude towards the Church. His reply was quick and definite; it concerned the Index,—your Index of prohibited books, he said; why not allow people to judge for themselves whether the book be worthy or not, error or truth. . . . You yourself, said I, after a moment, play the Index in your home. For let me suppose that you have a young sister and brother; you would not allow a salacious book or magazine on their table. He admitted that, and he was silent. . . . Now, I had clipped but a few days before a newspaper note from a journal of his very New England City; it had material for a serviceable illustration. In your native city, I said, citizens were selected recently to examine the books in the public library, to withdraw such books as seemed to favour the enemy and such as might possibly be harmful to American ideals; and the volumes thus withdrawn were publicly burned in the library yard. . . . Now, according to your theory, these books should

have been allowed to remain on the shelves; and young Americans, let us say, boys and girls from the High Schools, should have been permitted to read the books and decide for themselves if these writings were detrimental and subversive of American doctrine and ideals. But the sane and judicious mind of the community decided otherwise. . . . And the Church, which is always at war with two great enemies, error and vice, always maintaining aloft the banner of truth and virtue, appoints her judicious committee. . . . Hence the Index. . . . I could proceed no further, for he gave a significant gesture. That was his starting point. He writes me that he is coming to see me . . . the week before his entrance to the Church."

The story of Mr. Brown also had a sequence. "He first came here in a yacht, on his wedding tour, as I learned. He was anchored in the cove down there, and one calm evening he climbed up here and seemed entranced with the vista and the redolence from the fields and forests. He quickly caught sight of the crucifix above my porch, and without any hesitation, told me that his wife was Catholic. Immediately I saw a shade of pain come across his features. I quickly averted my glance, and thought to continue upon the theme of the landscape. But he would delay with his cause of sorrow. His wife was a Catholic, he repeated; but they were not married before a priest. And as he went on, I was amazed at his telling me the history so directly, and at no query on my part. He was deeply concerned about his wife. He wanted to see her happier. . . . Could I, he asked, suggest how his wife could go to the Sacraments. . . . Perhaps I knew some priest, or perhaps still the Bishop. . . . How could his wife be admitted again to the Sacraments of her Church?"

The Old Captain chose to pause here before he resumed: he pretended to point towards the cove where the yacht had been. "I gently asked him why the marriage had not been according to the Catholic ritual. . . . Because he would not sign the papers to have all the children educated in his wife's religion; he would agree to let the girls go with the mother, but the boys should have his religion. Now, first of all I had a certain admiration for him; for here was a doctor, hoping to have children, and a gentleman who was honourably worried over his wife's religious condition. After a difficult silence, I asked him why he would not sign the papers to allow all the children to be brought up in his wife's



religion; and he replied quite firmly that to do so would be against his conscience. That again was honourable ground to stand upon; and though I could have touched upon his lack of consistency and of logic in the situation, I met his response at a different angle. Your conscience, Doctor: I honour you there. But let me ask you, very kindly I ask you, why you allowed a girl to whom you professed love and loyalty, to go against her conscience: you, her lover and chivalrous knight should have prevented her from violating her conscience, as she did when she attempted to marry outside the rules of her Church."

Mr. Brown, I learned later in the evening, had returned on the following day to tell the Old Captain that his wife had been admitted to the Sacraments. And when I returned to my college room I found an old-fashioned spy-glass which enabled me to scan the far horizons. Focussing the lens, I picked out the house of the Old Captain. In that line of vision it looked like a figure on a cylindrical shaft, not now as when the visitor faces it from the road below and sees it framed in a shelf-like cranny. For the minute I recalled the old hermits who went into solitude, away from the noisy sciences and industrialisms and sensual pleasures of their day, and who discoursed to the multitudes about penance and prayer. I looked steadily and I saw a lamp light at the Old Captain's sanctuary on the mountain shaft. Then I reviewed a paragraph which he had written in the diocesan journal on a text from the Gospel: "The light of thy body is the eye. If thy eye be single, thy whole body will be lightsome; but if it be evil, thy body also will be darksome. . . . What a text for poet and sage and saint to see life steadily and see it whole."

Perhaps I shall return to the Old Captain on the summit and ask him about some of the current fads that perplex a sick world,—psychoanalysis for one of them. Surely he will smile and allude to the defunct fads of other days, the skin-deep sciences of palmistry, of craniognomy, and other pseudo-diagnoses on character and temperament and temptation and trial. Doubtless he will prove that true psychoanalysis may find its curative formulas in the Gospel, in the Epistles of St. Paul, in the à Kempis book of the Imitation; for he knows the score of texts that assert in what things a man shall sow in those shall he reap: and again, *in patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras.*

MICHAEL EARLS.

## JAN TOOROP : A CATHOLIC ARTIST

**A**MONG the painters living in Holland to-day, and there are as many as at any time in the history of that artistic country, the most talked-of, as he is probably also the greatest, is Jan (his full name is Johannes Theodorus Augustinus) Toorop. He is talked about not only because he is a great artist, but because he is a Catholic, a convert of twenty years' standing, who does not hesitate to express his Catholicism in his pictures even when such pictures are not intended for directly religious purposes. One of his greatest admirers and keenest critics (a duality of function that is not so common as it should be) is fond of pointing out that Toorop is not a pure Dutch artist, which accounts for many things, among them, apparently, being his reception into the Church. The facts are correctly stated, but the inferences are, to my thinking, incorrectly drawn. In spite of his Indian birth on December 20th, 1858, his father being at the time a Civil Servant in Java, the Scottish nationality of his mother and his artistic education in Brussels, Paris and London, as well as in his own country, he is Dutch in nature, in preferences and in expression. This is to be seen alike in the obvious manner of his fondness for the island of Walcheren and for the strand at Katwyk, a fondness shared by many of his countrymen, both artists and laity, in his choice of models from among the fisherfolk and peasantry of Holland, and in the subtlest of his thoughts and expressions.

In the modern artistic sense of the term, Toorop has always been a humanist; that is, humanity has always formed the centre of his studies and of his art, whether such studies have been primarily concerned with an object or with an idea. His symbolistic studies have been based on human life, as much as have his portraits or his landscapes with figures. Nor did he change in the essential character of his work when he became a Catholic; the only difference this made, so far as it concerned his work as an artist, was that

his humanism took a higher place and directed itself to more definitely spiritual objectives. The change provided new subjects and new aspects of old subjects, but it did not make so complete a revolution as it would have done, had he previously been a blasphemer, an evil-liver or even a materialist or one opposed to the Church on political grounds. As he was already a painter of human beings, not merely of their bodies but of their complete personalities, this could not very well be otherwise. Before his conversion, a man to him was in a sense a spiritual being, because he was something higher than the beasts that perish; a sensate, thinking being with a soul that felt more than cold and heat, more than luxury and famine, more than kindness and cruelty. After his conversion, a human being became a representative of the God-made-Man, a younger brother of Christ Himself, a saint or a potential saint. He had seen something of this before and expressed it in, "O Death, where is thy sting?" in "The Three Brides" (the bride of sin, the bride of man, and the bride of things of the spirit), in "Panis Angelicus," and in other pictures of his middle period, but it only became definite and clear in his own mind, as well as in his representation of it, after he had accepted the Faith. Moreover, not only had he seen it, or thought he had seen it, in those objects which had a direct religious bearing, but he thought he had glimpsed it more dimly in some of his non-religious works, and, with the fuller light of the Faith, he changed their names; so that "Rapture" became "Rapture at the Song of the Angels," and, with a less explicit reason, "Faith and Reward" became "Faith's Reward."

Even with a certain degree of sensuality, or at least of sensuousness, which, his critics point out, the changing of the titles did not remove from his earlier pictures, Toorop has always had the quality possessed by the great religious painters of the past, in common with great writers like Dante and Shakespeare, of envisaging the things of all time and of Eternity in his own material surroundings. His "Apostles" (in his window designs they are particularly fine rugged types) are fishermen and peasants of Zeeland, his representatives of Our Lady and the Saints are portraits of women and men from the same classes and district. Just as Francis Thompson saw Our Lord walking "not on Genesareth but Thames," so Toorop sees the dunes of Katwyk and Domburg

as the background to the scenes of the Atonement. He is a realist in precisely the opposite way from the modern stage manager, who will take us back to ancient times by having every detail of dress and furniture as it was in the period he wishes to represent. Toorop brings forward such period right into the middle of our lives, so that we do not see things merely as the people of that period saw them, but so that we in our turn live in the midst of them. It is not so much that Toorop makes representations as that he creates experiences.

All through his career he has been attracted by the life of the working-class, and time and time again his subjects have represented workers of both sexes, their efforts and sufferings, physical, mental and spiritual, dumbly borne yet suffused with the spiritual aspiration which even the lowest mentality and the most wearied physique does not lack. "Working hands," it has been said, are his most intimate subject, and it is a curious phenomena that, while in many other instances the hands are the weak spots of his pictures, unnaturally long and with no particular significance, the hands of workers which he has drawn are not only invariably expressive but are anatomically true to nature.

Another interesting and curious fact is that, while he is fond of putting into his symbolical and subject pictures actual portraits of his models, in his work as a portrait painter there is little that is regarded as his own particular characterization. He has constantly painted portraits of friends and clients so that the number is now a considerable one. That of Dr. A. J. Domela Nieuwenhuis, which forms part of the permanent collection of the Boymans Museum at Rotterdam, but is from time to time lent to other collections, is the most famous and is a typical example of his work in this direction. In this, as in the delightful children portraits of the two sisters, Thea and Miesje Schellens, in those of Madame Kleykamp (at whose galleries in The Hague are periodical exhibitions of his work) and Madame Plasschaert, as in the several self-portraits, there is a faithful likeness to the original, and there is also a deep feeling for the character of the person represented. Otherwise there is little or nothing except what any first-rate portrait painter might put into them. Arresting they are, but arresting because one stops to look at a face of strength or charm or

beauty. Fine portraiture they are; nothing less, but also nothing more.

Yet he can and does combine portraiture with imaginative art, though when he does so the aim is subjective rather than objective; it is an idea rather than a person which is the inspiring force. One sees this in a striking degree in the picture, "Childish Meditation," painted in 1896, which it is understood is a portrait of his daughter, and which possesses rare spiritual beauty. There is even something to be said for the argument that, in this and in one or two similar pictures, as well as in those I have mentioned as showing his humanism, there are signs of his preparation, conscious or otherwise, for the reception of the Faith. Just as in his more definitely "symbolistic" paintings the background of this forms not only an integral part of the subject but also a very significant one. These symbolical pictures, whether recent ones dealing with religious subjects, earlier ones dealing with moral subjects or the few dealing with merely æsthetic or even sensual subjects, are themselves worthy of a study that would demand a treatise for its direction. They are often difficult to understand, though in the author's mind, as in a number of instances he has explained, each detail has its own definite significance.

It is in these that Toorop, a line artist above all things, employs colour with the most vivid and successful effects. Yet his light and shade drawings, some in black and white, and some, notably the "Worship at the Cross," in a kind of dull sepia, often are as strikingly symbolical. "The Lost Paradise," a fragment that suggests much more than it shows and is frankly sensuous, is as full of symbolism as the highly coloured "Inspiration," while the "Cross-bearing Christ and the Women of Jerusalem," of which the most noticeable feature is the vivid black-and-white eye of the Christ, slightly out of proportion but full of meaning, is the most completely symbolical of all the pictures by Toorop that I have seen. The "Artists' journey accompanied by the Blessed Virgin," a lightly tinted work, seems to have a personal and autobiographical reference, and there are details in it which cannot very well be accounted for otherwise. Another coloured and quite small picture of uncommon beauty and devotion is that of "Jesus as Man." This is not in the ordinary sense symbolical, but is a careful and inspired personal impression

of the traditional Christ Head. One may even call it a supreme example of significant portraiture.

Of particular interest at the present moment is his water colour drawing of "The Blessed Virgin at Lourdes," a small picture in which the figure of Our Lady, in blue, dominates everything else, though the two churches, one on each side of her (in red) and the suggestion of the huge crowds of pilgrims coming from all quarters, form something more than a mere background and margin. A quite recent picture described in the Kleykamp catalogue as "Madonna," might more satisfyingly be named "Our Lady of Sea and Air," for, although we have again the central figure in her "mantle of blue" dominating all else, there is a background of waves with a suggestion of wind, and small figures of ships and birds and, on one side, a small Christ figure bearing Host and Chalice. At the foot of the picture is Mary's praise of her Son, "*Béni Vous qui marchez sur les ailes des vents et sur les flots de la mer.*" In a similar vein are also two sketches, one in colour and the other, more complete in its conception and execution, in black and white, of Christ stilling the waves.

In these two sketches, as in practically all his drawings of Our Lord in His mature manhood, Toorop uses the same face as in the one I have described as a portrait. This is an instance of what is one of the outstanding characteristics of Toorop's art: its consistency in material details. He has laid himself open to many influences since his student days, and it is not difficult to trace his personal history,—the teachers under whom he studied, the older artists whose work he admired or copied, the places and the surroundings in which he has lived and the emotional and spiritual experiences through which he has passed,—in his work. Yet in all these is an individuality that develops but does not change its essentials and there is a unity of conception of certain things that remains equally constant. With this is also a simplicity, even in the most elaborate of his productions, that cannot be said to eradicate unessentials, only because it prevents them ever entering into either the conception or the execution.

With an artist of such recognized position and power as is Toorop, it is scarcely necessary to draw attention to his virtuosity. It plays no unimportant part in much of his



work, however, and particularly in that in which he has had to adapt himself to circumstances, such, for instance as his famous Stations of the Cross at Oosterbeek or the design for the leaded window at Utrecht. In the Stations everything has had to be foreshortened so that the figures are, judged by actual measurement, too broad and too short; yet in their position they are at the same time realistic and devotional to a degree that would be impossible, were there any suggestion of distortion or unnatural proportions. His technique and his conceptions are both so complete as to allow him to go beyond all mere rules of art and to make his own rules to fit the particular circumstances. And while his acceptance of the Faith came at the period of his fullest technical maturity it has led to a blossoming of his art in a combined unity and variety that nothing else could have done.

No one who values the display of the true Catholic *ethos* in painting, should neglect an opportunity of making the acquaintance of the works of this Dutch master.

HERBERT ANTCLIFFE.

## BY THE DEATH-BED OF BELLARMINE

**O**N the morning of Wednesday, August 25th, 1621, the gorgeous coach of the Lord Cardinal d'Este met in the busy Roman streets a vehicle not at all gorgeous in which rode a very old and very happy-looking man.

"And where might my Lord Cardinal Bellarmine be going to-day?" asked d'Este leaning out.

"To die, sir," answered the old man merrily. "He is going off to die."

"To die indeed? Why I never saw you looking so well!"

"Nevertheless my Lord, I am going away to die; and high time too, high time too."

Robert, Cardinal Bellarmine was the greatest man in Rome. The Kings of France and Poland had been his friends, the King of Spain revered him and the King of England feared him. Oxford and Cambridge rang with his name, and even in the barrack-rooms of England he was famous. A bluff old Elizabethan soldier named Barnaby Rich became convinced in later life that the pen after all was mightier than the sword and took to writing about the wild Irishry among whom he had done no small slaughter in the brave days of his youth. Wishing to illustrate the savage austerity of the Gael for the London ladies, he sought in his mind for a vivid and understandable parallel. "Why," he said, "these Irish could beat the great Bellarmine himself at fasting!" In the taverns of the capital tipsters poured their beer out of jugs decorated in derision with the Cardinal's features. The jugs themselves were named after him and "a Bellarmine of your best" was an order familiar to barmaids. The London Museum possesses more than a hundred of these vessels dug up or found in Tyburn, Cheapside, Holborn, Fleet Street, and other places.

The death of a great man is always fascinating to study. Love and death are the only two things that never bore anybody, and God meant them to go together. Brave but love-

less deaths such as Marshal Ney's are profoundly sad. It is the saints alone who can teach us to die joyfully, and so it may not be without profit for our souls to follow and watch the old man in the carriage who announced so blithely that he was going away to die, like a child who dances up to tell you delightedly that she is off for a glorious holiday.

The carriage rattled up the slope of the Quirinal and stopped before the door of Sant' Andrea where the Jesuit novices lived. Bellarmine, old and weary of the world, had plotted and planned for a long time to get back to this home of his heart. As he went in he sighed contentedly. "*Haec requies mea donec Dominus veniat*," he said. A week later he was in bed and the doctors were shaking their heads. Bleeding was the great panacea of the profession, and while they lanced him he made little jokes so as to put them at their ease. At dinner time the infirmarian brought him up the usual starvation fare of a fever patient. Frowning at it he said, "Brother dear, it seems that the old adage is right; a plain is more fruitful than a mountain. When I was down there at St. Peter's a slice of melon or an occasional fig used to find its way to my plate. But I suppose these nice things won't grow on the dizzy heights of the Quirinal." Towards evening the fever grew worse and he became delirious. In such a state a man's dearest secrets escape him. All the frets and anxieties which he keeps carefully under lock and key when well, swarm out then for everybody to see. Few men in the world's history have had such a mob of them to control as Robert Bellarmine because he was the advocate of so many causes. And yet his mind was a blank now about all these burning concerns. His raving grew strangely monotonous. God, God, God, was his cry all the time. He preached snatches of a sermon on the love of God and wept and prayed for the men who would not love Him. During one stage of the delirium he spoke only in Greek, but God was still the subject of his sentences. On Tuesday, August 31st, he fancied that it was the hour when he used to say Matins. Those who stood by observed that he was recollecting himself. Then he made the Sign of the Cross and began his Office dwelling long and sweetly on his favourite verses of the psalms. When he thought he had

come to the end of Lauds, he began the suffrages of his patron saints, telling them how much he loved them. After that he was heard to say in a low voice the preparatory prayer for his meditation and then he remained silent for a long time, his face lit up as if the sunrise of eternity were upon it.

By evening the delirium passed away, only to be succeeded by the night-agonies of his fever. "But he never showed the least sign of impatience," wrote an English priest who stood by his bed, "insomuch that I myself in company of others often visiting and that at such times as he was in this fever, I do sincerely protest that I never saw man in his best health repose more quietly or make less show of feeling the force of a disease than he. For the most part his arms were decently layed across on his breast, he never moving (unless he were willed) any part of his body, never sighing, never complaining. Nor though his tongue were scorched with the raging heat of the ague, did he ever so much as call for a drink, nor once offered to refresh his mouth, so that the beholders could make no other judgment of him but that which the disciples made of Lazarus: 'Si dormit, salvus erit,' if he sleeps he will be well; for his magnanimity was such that he rather seemed to sleep than to be sick." When he did open his lips it was only to thank God for his sufferings. "Domine," said he, "when I think what You bore for me a sinner on the holy Cross, I feel bound not only to accept what You send me but to beg in addition that You would send me more."

Gregory XV. was greatly grieved when he heard how sick the Cardinal was and sent word that he intended paying him a visit on September 1st. Bellarmine was much disconcerted with the news. He could not understand why a poor fellow like himself should be so honoured, and besides, as he said again and again to those around, "Our stairs are so terribly steep." "Domine non sum dignus," he cried out when he saw the Pope enter his room. Gregory embraced him tenderly, asking him how he felt, but he would not answer a word until his august visitor had taken a chair. "Thanks, and thanks again, my lord, for your kindness to a poor thing like me," he said. "As to my health, no doubt I feel somewhat ill, but when I remember that I am as God wills me to be, why, I seem to myself to be very well indeed."

When Gregory promised to pray hard for his recovery, he protested with great sweetness. "No, no, my lord, not for my recovery but that the will of God may be done. I have lived long enough and now I would gladly go home." "That is all very well," answered the Pope, "but others will want to keep you as long as they can." "At any rate, God grant that your Holiness may reach my age," struck in Bellarmine in order to change the topic. "Only I wonder whether you will be able to run up these stairs then, as I could do a fortnight ago." The visit of the Pope cheered him up greatly. "You know, Father," he told a priest friend afterwards, "a Pope's visit is a certain augury of approaching death."

In spite of doctors' orders and strict injunctions to the porter downstairs it was impossible to keep visitors out of the sick-room. The Cardinals came in a constant stream, contented with a mere peep at their old friend from the door, if nothing else were permitted. There was good reason for keeping them out, because no matter how exhausted and suffering the patient was, he always tried to rise and remove the little skull-cap he wore when anyone came in to see him.

On September 3rd he was to receive Holy Communion. When the hour drew near he sat up in bed though with the greatest difficulty as he was so feeble, and made everything as neat as he could. No sooner, however, did he see the priest coming than made strong with love he tottered on to the floor and began to recite the *Confiteor* with the greatest fervour. After receiving Our Lord, they had to lift him back on to his bed, an easy task, so frail and wasted was he now. Then he asked them gently to draw the curtains round him and for a long time after the Brother Infirmarian could hear him talking like a little child to God. Five Cardinals came in a body that evening to ask for his blessing. When he saw them on their knees by his bed he looked puzzled. "Why, it is you that ought to bless a poor fellow like me," he said. However, they took his hand, which he could hardly move for weakness, and put it on their heads. The magnificent d'Este was one of these men, and he said afterwards that he found it very hard to tear himself away from that bedside where one could almost feel the presence of the angels. The five Cardinals went away in tears, a thing which the sick man could not understand. When his Jesuit attendants came back he said to them simply, "I did

not know it was the custom for Cardinals to ask one another for their blessing." "Perhaps," suggested Father Minutoli wishing to humour him, "it is because your lordship is an Archbishop." "Ah, that must be it," said Bellarmine.

On September 5th there was a marked improvement in his condition and the doctors offered him their congratulations. For the first time he began to look woefully sad. "I thought," he said, "that I was going home." In the afternoon the General of the Society paid him a visit. "Look at me, Father," he exclaimed, "a bad lay-brother, that's what I have become. No Office, no meditations, no prayers. Now that I am well again, don't you think I could resume my ordinary practices?" But the doctors would not give way, knowing as they did how much energy he threw into his devotions. He might say his beads though, they conceded, provided he promised to make a big pause between each decade.

Two days later, to his joy he became very ill again. As the pain increased stifled sobs escaped him, but they trailed off always into prayers. On September 8th, Our Lady's birthday, the General came to tell him he was dying. Immediately a radiant look came into his eyes and he whispered, *O che buona nuova! O che buona nuova! O che felice nuova è questa!* One only worry he had, he said, and that was the price of his coffin and funeral. When Holy Viaticum was brought to him, once again he threw himself out of his bed and in such haste that Father Minutoli had barely time to catch him as he fell to the ground. He asked them to put a Crucifix at the foot of his bed, and to it he used to talk incessantly. "Dear Lord," they heard him say, "when I see You suffering so much on the Cross, I am ashamed to lag so far behind. I do not ask to die now, but only to live on that I may suffer for Your sake. Yet in this, Lord, not my will but Thine be done."

He was always worrying about the men who watched by his bed. Had they had their meals? How much sleep did they get? When were they last out for a walk? He used to call his dinner hour the hour of torture, so hateful had the thought of food become. But the doctors insisted that he must eat and he obediently tried to swallow whatever was brought him, though quite unable to retain it.

On September 12th a rumour got about in Rome that the



Cardinal was near his end. The novitiate was immediately besieged by a great crowd who clamoured to be let in. When they found the doors locked they hammered at them so hard that it was impossible to endure the racket inside the house and accordingly they were admitted and swarmed up the stairs to the sick-room. All day long they struggled around the bed where the poor sufferer lay so white and patient, smiling up at them from time to time. His handkerchiefs, the buttons and cuffs of his doublet, the lining of the cushions, his stockings, birettas, shoes, slippers, breviaries, hats, every stitch that could be found was carried off in triumph as a relic. It was nearly evening before the crowd began to disperse, but not yet was there to be peace. A number of Cardinals and State dignitaries arrived, bringing with them a hundred skull-caps and night-caps, which they begged might be placed one by one on the head of their sick brother. Little knots of people gathered under the street-lamps that night, and one who passed among them said that all their talk was about the dying of him whom they called "il nuovo Poverello."

Cardinal Aldobrandini asked the sufferer to pray for him when he got to Heaven. "Yes," said Bellarmine with a smile, "indeed I will, but your lordship may have to wait. Going to Heaven is a big business and one does not get there so easily. As for myself I would be very happy if I could be quite sure of Purgatory." His great joy was to have the passing of St. Francis read to him. St. Francis and he had much in common and the instinct of the people was right when they styled him a new Poverello. He was born on the Feast of St. Francis, and on another Feast of St. Francis he was destined to die. On the night of Sunday, September 12th, he got a little sleep. Brother Finali, his nurse, congratulated him next morning about it. "God be praised," answered the Cardinal, "I shall live four days more and then go home." The vacations had begun at the Colleges in Rome and several Fathers came, hoping to be allowed to watch with the dying man. "You have had him all to yourself so long," they said to Finali, "that you are sanctified enough. Let us get some of his holiness this morning." What with people seeking relics and blessings, and doctors applying leeches and poultices he had little or no peace. But he was the merriest of sufferers and made a joke of his

agonies. He was lovably human too, though, and sometimes cried like a child when the pain was very great. "Would you give me my Crucifix?" he asked the Brother one morning, and when it was placed in his hands he gave it a great kiss and turned his face to the wall. Then they heard him say, "Dear Lord, when shall I come to Thee, sole rest of the weary?" About half-past four on the morning of September 17th, he began to gaze fixedly in one direction as at one whose presence made him exceedingly glad, and smiling he spoke some words which the bystanders could not catch. Then he made a great effort to lift his little cap, his last salute to the Captain he had served so well. Thirty times over he was heard to whisper the name of Jesus, after which he smiled round on the men who were in tears about his bed, closed his eyes and went home!

JAMES BRODRICK.

[The details given above are a few out of many recorded in the process of Bellarmine's beatification, in Brother Finali's long account of his illness and in a similar story written by Father Coffin, an Englishman, who was present.]

## A BOOK OF PASTORALS

**R**EADERS of Bishop Bernard Ward's History of Catholic Emancipation and its Sequel will not easily have forgotten the personality of the Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, Peter Augustine Baines. In many respects he was a really remarkable man, and one gets on the whole the impression that, in spite of certain obvious faults of character, he was the intellectual superior of any of his ecclesiastical contemporaries on the English mission. I except, of course, Wiseman, who was considerably his junior in age. The story of his career, owing to his rather spectacular educational projects at Prior Park, the destruction of a great part of the building by fire, the sad disgrace into which he fell at Rome after his indiscreet Lenten Pastoral of 1840 and his still more regrettable "not-published" defence of it, and finally his sudden death from apoplexy at the age of fifty-seven, has in it almost the elements of tragedy. And yet at one period there seemed every prospect that he would be created a Cardinal. Indeed he states himself that the offer was definitely made to him, but that he was at that time unwilling to settle permanently in Rome.<sup>1</sup> This, it would seem, was not mere idle gossip or flattering self-deception, for Cardinal Wiseman in his "Last Four Popes," written fifteen years after Dr. Baines' death, affirms, on the authority of Mgr. Nicolai, that Pope Leo XII. had definitely made choice of the Benedictine Vicar Apostolic for that high dignity. The Pope, it appears, told Nicolai "that he had been casting his eyes around him for a member of the Benedictine body, on whom to bestow the hat of restitution; many worthy men in it were too aged and infirm, others too young, so that he had fixed upon the English monk, if, on inquiry, his character should prove equal to the proposed elevation."<sup>2</sup> Wiseman himself pays a not ungenerous tribute to the prelate with whom during his life time he did not always see eye to eye. When Leo XII. heartily encouraged the plan of a course of Lenten sermons to be delivered in Rome in English and set apart a special church for the purpose where the music was confided to his own papal choir—

<sup>1</sup> Ward, "Eve of Cath. Emancipation," III., 271.

<sup>2</sup> "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," p. 327.

The church [so Wiseman informs us] which was nearly empty when preachers of inferior rank occupied it, was crowded when Bishop Baines was announced as the orator. Many people will remember him. He was happiest in his unwritten discourses. The flow of his words was easy and copious, his imagery was often very elegant and his discourses were replete with thought and solid matter. But his great power was in his delivery, in voice, in tone, in look, and gesture. His whole manner was full of pathos, sometimes more even than the matter justified; there was a peculiar tremulousness of voice, which gave his words more than a double effect, notwithstanding a broadness of provincial accent,<sup>1</sup> and an occasional dramatic pronunciation of certain words. In spite of such defects, he was considered, by all that heard him, one of the most eloquent and earnest preachers they had ever attended.<sup>2</sup>

There can be no doubt, however, that Bishop Baines was rather a difficult man to get on with, though he had many friends among the laity. His North-country conservatism made him very acceptable to some of the old Catholic aristocracy who were suspicious of converts and of devotional enthusiasms imported from Italy to which they were entirely unaccustomed. He had also a considerable share of the obstinacy which is attributed with more or less of reason to his fellow natives of the County Palatine. In the great disturbance created by his pastoral of 1840 one cannot help feeling, looking back upon the discussion from this distance of time, that there is much excuse to be made for the attitude which he adopted. There was a good deal that was unnecessarily provocative in the tone of some of the early converts, and if the old English Catholics were undoubtedly lacking in zeal, it must also be admitted that the enthusiasm of those who believed that the conversion of England could be effected by a sort of *coup-de-main* was not always conjoined with a reasonable prudence and discretion. Nevertheless the estimate of Wiseman, who, it must be remembered, was at one time associated with him in his projects for a papally chartered University to be established at Prior

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Baines was a Lancashire man, born at Kirkby, near Liverpool. As a boy he was educated by the Benedictines at Lamspring in Hanover, but he eventually became a Benedictine at Ampleforth. He was consecrated Bishop in Dublin in 1823 at the age of 39.

<sup>2</sup> "Recollections," p. 326.

Park, is probably well-founded and free from prejudice. The passage is not lacking in impressiveness:

By degrees the reputation which he (Bishop Baines) had acquired in England began to spread in Rome; several noble families in which he had been intimate at home were in Rome, and gave many others the opportunity of becoming acquainted with him; and he had a power of fascinating all who approached him, in spite of a positive tone and manner which scarcely admitted of difference from him in opinion. He had sometimes original views upon a certain class of subjects; but on every topic he had a command of language and a clear manner of expressing his sentiments which commanded attention, and generally won assent. Hence his acquaintances were always willing listeners, and soon became warm admirers, then partisans. Unfortunately this proved to him a fatal gift. When he undertook great and even magnificent works, he would stand alone: assent to his plans was the condition of being near him; anyone that did not agree, or that ventured to suggest deliberation, or provoke discussion, was soon at a distance; he isolated himself with his own genius, he had no counsellor but himself; and he who had, at one time, surrounded himself with men of learning, of prudence, and of devotedness to him, found himself at last alone, and fretted a noble heart to a solitary death.

With these facts, if imperfectly remembered, at least vaguely present to one's mind, it was interesting, when browsing among some of the more out-of-the-way shelves of a venerable Catholic library, to come across a bound volume which bore on the back the lettering, "Bishop Baines's Pastorals." It is probably not a complete collection, though no year from 1829 to 1842 is entirely unrepresented, and in some years we find as many as three. There is also bound up within the same covers, the pamphlet which caused so much trouble, of which the title page runs as follows, "A History of the Pastoral addressed to the Faithful of the Western District on occasion of the Fast of Lent, 1840; by P. A. Baines, D.D., Bishop of Siga V.A.W., *Not Published*." With this is further included another pamphlet, separately paged, which is headed, "To the Most Eminent and Reverend Prince, Cardinal Frasoni" (56 pp.), and also "A Letter addressed to Sir Charles Wolseley, Bart., on the Lenten Pas-

toral of 1840"; second edition (20 pp.). I do not propose in this present short article to touch upon the thorny controversy to which the Pastoral of 1840 gave rise, but some other contents of the volume furnish not a few passages throwing light upon the conditions under which our Catholic forefathers were living in this country now nearly a hundred years ago.

In the very first Pastoral (1829) which followed the death of his predecessor, Bishop Collingridge, the new Vicar Apostolic, after emphasizing the need of denouncing that indifference in religion which arose from the fact that "the whole country is inundated with conflicting sects, often as wild and heterogeneous as they are novel and contradictory," earnestly exhorts his clergy to proclaim that "as there is but one faith, so there is but one priesthood, one worship, one Church; that whoever gathereth elsewhere, scattereth." But he accompanies this injunction with a caution, which was perhaps not always sufficiently remembered either in the controversies of the time, or later.

Whilst [he says] you incessantly proclaim these great truths to rouse the indifferent and lukewarm, fail not to accompany them with such explanations as religion supplies in favour of individuals who, through invincible or inculpable ignorance, are united externally to erroneous sects, whilst perhaps, by the grace of baptism, the innocence of their lives and the sincere dispositions of their hearts, they are internally united with the true Church. There may be such individuals. Religion allows us to hope there are, and prudence and charity will seldom permit us to pronounce that this or that person is not of the number.

There is also apparently in the same pastoral a reference to the clauses in the recent Catholic Emancipation Act which penalized the Jesuits and other male Religious, but which imposed no disabilities upon nuns:

In our opinion there never was a time or country in which the edifying example of such devoted servants of God was calculated to produce more beneficial effects upon Society; and we regret that any reflection should have been cast, or restraint imposed upon them. At the same time we sincerely rejoice that no disturbance has been given to the religious communities of the weaker



sex. On this happy incident, we offer you our sincere congratulations, peaceful and timid handmaids of the Lord, pure and holy followers of the Lamb, cherished and beloved spouses of Jesus Christ. We congratulate with you, and we rejoice, that the sweet odour of your blameless and exemplary lives has secured you the protection of your country's laws.

Of course a large number of these pastorals were written, in accordance with the custom which still prevails, to accompany the promulgation of the Lenten indult. A glance bestowed upon the terms of the indult which was issued in 1830 ought to suffice to convince modern Catholics of the great indulgence with which we are now treated in comparison with the sterner conditions under which our grandparents grew to manhood. For example:

1. Flesh meat was allowed on all Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays; but, apart from Sundays, it was allowed at dinner only, even for those not bound to fast; and during Holy Week it was not allowed at all. This implies that all Catholics whether bound to fast or not, were required to abstain from meat for four days in each week, and in Holy Week for six days.

2. Eggs were forbidden on all Fridays and also on Ash Wednesday, and, apart from Sundays, they were always forbidden to fasters at any other meal but dinner.

3. Cheese (and presumably butter) was equally forbidden to fasters at any other meal but dinner.

In the autumn of 1830 we find an interesting mention of the provision made for the education of the clergy at Prior Park. As regards the apparently not too friendly reference to Downside which precedes, it must not be forgotten that Bishop Baines was himself a Benedictine.

As a College, or Convent belonging to the Benedictine monks was already established in the Western District at Downside, near Bath, it had long appeared to us that if the corporate Body, to which that establishment belonged, would consent to its becoming the Episcopal Seminary for this District, and thus prevent the necessity of erecting a new College, it might be greatly for the advantage of all parties. Accordingly, certain proposals were made, or rather renewed, by us to that Body, which were rejected, as interfering with the privileges, claimed

by those regulars, of not being subject to the Bishops, nor restricted like the secular Clergy, to the particular District in which they live, but of being free to go into whatever part of the kingdom they please, at the will of certain superiors elected by themselves.

Having thus no other alternative, we deemed it our duty to establish at once an Episcopal College and Seminary, for the Education of the Secular Clergy, who will be subject to the Bishop of the District, and devoted exclusively to the service of its missions.

The undertaking was great, particularly with the small means at our disposal; but it pleased the all-wise and all-bountiful providence of God to favour our humble endeavours, by throwing in our way, upon very advantageous terms, a mansion, which for magnitude, solidity, arrangement and situation, is admirably adapted for the purpose. Already Prior Park is opened as a College and a Seminary, with 60 inmates, amongst whom are several candidates for Orders, far advanced in their studies.

It was natural that this announcement should lead his lordship to discuss the question of ways and means and to subjoin an appeal in behalf of the new foundation. But he had also to make a more personal demand on their charity. Whether we ought to infer from the following paragraph that the Bishop had already incurred some measure of unpopularity is not clear:

It is with regret that we find ourselves compelled to call for your assistance for another object, viz., our own support. It is not, we presume, generally known in this District, that there are no adequate funds for the support of the Bishop. We have now, since the death of our Venerable Predecessor, discharged the Episcopal duties to the best of our power for more than a year, and the whole of our receipts during this period, will scarcely cover the expenses of our postage, and of the journeys we have been obliged to make in the partial visitation of our extensive District. Our predecessors appear to have derived their maintenance chiefly from the voluntary contributions of their flock, which, for some cause or other, have been discontinued in our regard, insomuch that not ten persons in the whole District have afforded us any assistance.

In connection with this same matter of finance it would appear that at this period a practice had already been introduced of making a charge at the church door for admission, apparently over and above the rent paid for seats. The Bishop remarks:

We are fully aware that nothing can be more edifying than the disinterested patience with which the generality of our Missioners submit to privations from which they deserve to be exempt, but to prevent as far as in us lies, the possibility of abuse, we deem it right to attend to certain representations which have been made to us on a custom which has crept into some parts of the District, of placing persons at the doors of the Chapels, to receive from those who enter a certain compulsory contribution. As such custom is repugnant to the general discipline of the Catholic Church, injurious to the poor, and repulsive to the enquirer after religious truth, it is evident that necessity alone can justify its continuance. This necessity we have every reason to believe no longer exists in our District, and therefore we have resolved to suppress and abolish the custom alluded to.

For this purpose we hereby announce to all our Clergy, both Secular and Regular, that if, after the publication of this notice, they receive or suffer to be received, any entrance money as above, they will incur *ipso facto* the privation of their missionary faculties, and suspension reserved to ourselves. We moreover enjoin them under the same penalties, to read this order publicly to their flocks, on the first Sunday after receiving it.

This undoubtedly seems to point to a readiness on the part of Bishop Baines to have recourse to drastic measures, but, of course, we do not know what private admonitions may have preceded it. As already remarked, the charge for admission which he denounces was apparently something additional to the fees paid for sittings, for in the same pastoral the clergy are required to send in a statement "pointing out the number of sittings in their respective Chapels, the prices of the same, and the usual annual income resulting from that source."

In the Lenten pastoral of 1831, which mainly emphasizes the duty of charity to the poor, we have an allusion to popular

disturbances of very much the same kind as those which are now causing so much anxiety to our economists.

The wealth of the world [writes the Bishop] has encumbered our shores. This wealth has gradually accumulated in the hands of a few, whilst the many have been reduced to abject poverty. A thousand artificial wants, unknown to a sounder state of things, have been created, and have rendered the wealthy unwilling to do justice and mercy to their poor dependents. In the meantime the latter, reduced to absolute want, have been oppressed with excessive labour, whilst they have not received a just recompense for their toils. The consequence has been, as you all know, that the distressed have associated themselves together, have violated the laws, and disturbed the public peace, whilst the rulers of the State have been driven to unsheathe the sword of justice and to drench it in the blood of the guilty.<sup>1</sup>

The Bishop speaks strongly in defence of the maintenance of order, he emphasizes the word *guilty*, for "whatever excuse may be found in distress, this can only palliate, not justify, the violation of the laws." He declares that "in this country where the voice of the people is as free to complain of abuses, as it is all-powerful in procuring their redress, all open turbulence and secret conspiracy are as foolish as they are useless, as criminal as they are mischievous." He also speaks strongly against all forms of secret conspiracy against the State and declares that "all *secret* associations for bringing about political changes, or redress of grievances are criminal, and, if accompanied with oaths or other solemn obligations are impious." On the other hand he finds consolation in the fact that "as far as we have heard no single Catholic under our Episcopal jurisdiction has been found among the late violators of their country's laws."

So far the extracts made from Bishop Baines' pastoral letters to his flock have reference only to the first two years of his episcopal rule. It will perhaps be possible on some future occasion to illustrate the interesting topics touched upon in those utterances of a later date which gave rise to so much controversy and which brought so much trouble upon himself.

R. H. SUTTON.

<sup>1</sup>A full account of these disturbances, which took place in the closing months of 1830, will be found in the Annual Register for that year. They were partly agricultural and confined to the southern counties, partly the work of a London mob which resented the creation of the new Police Force.

## MONKS' WORK

"**T**HE English are a people with a great history, only they know nothing about it," an Irish Loyalist remarked to me once. Which is largely true of the man and woman in the street. Moreover what they do know of how history was made, is moulded, coloured, framed by what they have been told in their Bible class. A few days ago I was having an afternoon chat with the dame who supplies me with milk: a man, who was playing the flute in the street, came into the shop cap in hand, but instead of a copper he got a piece of her mind that sent him out again—flying. She turned to me, "I call that proper monks' work." I have a warm regard for the little woman. She believes in supplying her customers with the best the farm can produce. When the Belgian refugees were here she proved herself a capable organizer; she got to know the people she was dealing with. While ladies of the committee were pottering about, talking over "what's to be done," she put things through. She is quick to help a neighbour over a stile, but she has no sentiment to spare for an able-bodied man playing the flute as an excuse for begging. "Proper monks' work," she calls that. She listened without being convinced when I told her that the fields her cows grazed in were once a marsh turned into a meadow by monks' labour, that the mill where she bought corn for her fowls was built by monks. Not a stone upon a stone of the monastery they lived in, is left: all that remains of their church is the square tower with the ancient bell which might have been hanging in it when William the Conqueror landed at Hastings. The only tradition of them which survives is that they were lazy beggars.

It is a far cry from a dairy in Devon to a Trappist Abbey in the Irish Midlands, yet her words brought me living pictures of the monks at Mount St. Joseph as I have seen them from day to day at work on the farm. The love of the land, and of the animals that live and thrive on the grass, is bred in the bone of me; and in the days of my youth I enjoyed no holiday so well as a few weeks in the country, and one of the treats was to be shown how to milk a cow. How wonderful to discover that cows have tempers—or should I say

temperament?—like human beings. If you wanted a milker to give of her best you had to show proper respect for her feelings. In those days the standard farm building for milking cows in summer, and sheltering them at night in winter, was a low thatched shed with an opening in the centre of one wall to let the animals in and out. As much air as could get in with them, stayed until they came out again. If you wanted to take a hand at milking you had to wait a bit until you got accustomed to the atmosphere before you could see to pick your steps over the litter on the floor; also you had to hug the wall to keep out of range of the cow's tail or her hind leg. Such having been my experience of dairy customs on large farms, my first sight of the cowshed at Mount St. Joseph Abbey made an April day memorable. It is a long, lofty building. The cows are ranged in two rows with a wide space between them, in the centre of which is a paved channel. The Brothers wear white overalls; their hands, the stools they sit on, spotless. The gates at each end are wide open; you look down an alley of cows to a vista of grass and trees, the warm odours the creatures shed, the seductive scent of new milk mingle with the freshness of a lively breeze blowing over open country. The loftiness of it, the cleanliness, took my breath away. I never dreamed a cowshed could be kept clean.

When in 1878 a community of Trappists from Mount Mel-leray took possession of the old Cromwellian Mansion, Mount Heaton, near Roscrea, and turned it into a monastery, there was no forest, no moor to reclaim. All the same they were true to the tradition that monks are pioneers of agriculture,—pioneers of the most important part of agriculture, the production of pure food. We have no finer example of the continuity of Catholic faith and practice than that the Rule of St. Benedict is observed at Mount St. Joseph to-day in the same spirit as it was accepted by the Monks at Citeaux when eight hundred years ago Stephen Harding helped to create the Cistercian Order. But if the Trappist in the cloister looks away from the present, striving to climb the road to heaven in the footsteps of Stephen Harding, schooling his soul in praise, penance and prayer; the spirit and observance of his Rule call him to work for his bread, and it is monks' work to make God's green world a better place to live in. On the farm he has no use for the past except to learn from experience. It is up to him to keep abreast of



the times in agriculture. He must keep up to date in everything that concerns the world of science and industry that he lives out of, especially education. The College at Mount St. Joseph has won a place in the front rank of Irish public schools, and the teaching staff are mostly Trappist Fathers. To the usual studies in a public school is added a course of agriculture:—an unusual feature of college life, and one which many ought to avail themselves of, seeing how much land is waiting in the colonies for young men who know what to do with it.

I cannot imagine anyone could spend a few days at Mount St. Joseph, and not be captivated by the beauty of the Abbey, and of the country around. There you discover that the simple life can be something more than a phrase. A homely hospitality that is truly Irish bids you welcome to whatever there is, makes you feel it the most natural thing in the world to have monks serve dinner and cut bread and butter; for good St. Benedict was the soul of kindness, and he has left the impress of his vivid, generous personality on his sons. The austerity of the Rule, the frugal meals, the long fasts, the monks keep for themselves: the best the Abbey can produce is set before their guests. A Trappist Monastery is a little world in itself, self-supporting, self-supplying. There is no place in it for men who shirk work. The best at Mount St. Joseph is very good indeed. It is trite, a truism, to say, whatever the Celt's faults, there is a vein of asceticism in his temperament; perhaps that is why the Cistercian Order has always appealed so strongly to the Irish people. Even in this comfort-loving age few Irishmen, or even Irishwomen are attracted by what the French call false luxury. The simplicity that gives the Ladies' dining-room at the Monastery an air of rest and refreshment, the sedate dignity of polished mahogany, the homely table appointments, nothing superfluous, but everything you need to enjoy good food, must be a rest cure in itself for women whose homes are stuffed with cushions, curtains, antique cabinets, old china (mostly faked), and all the other appendages to culture with which the society woman surrounds herself. Broadly speaking women can see only the outside of the Abbey. Even in the church they are restricted to a space screened off from the aisle where the monks chant the Divine Office. The screen is of open stone work with a curtain at the back. At some parts of the Office the curtain is drawn aside, and one gets a glimpse of the high altar, dim, remote, the lamp before

the tabernacle making a glimmer of red light in the shadows. The enclosure is barred against woman, but that does not prevent her from getting into touch with the life of the monastery at many points. I wonder whether many penetrate to the almshouse. I looked on it as a privilege when the Brother, who was guest-master to the poor, let me stay with him for a little while of an evening. The room was bare save for deal tables and benches, everything scrupulously clean testified to a truly Irish zest for the scrubbing-brush and the sand that make bare boards white as snow. Bare it was of aught save wooden necessities, but there was nothing cold about the almshouse, no chill of "charity," the charity of the world that doles out what it has no other use for, old clothes, the scraps after dinner, to those troublesome people who are always with us, the poor. Brother J— had a pleasant word for all who called on him, no taint of mendicity here, the tinker and his wife, the out-of-work, the down and out, were his guests—friends he was happy to help. He took their salute, "God save you kindly," "A fine evening, Brother," as one man to another. Kindness, understanding radiated from Brother J—, but for all that, no one ever took a liberty with him. He was a man in the prime of life, the monk's habit hung in straight folds from his broad shoulders. He had given up a large farm to become a Trappist. He "couldn't get the Latin," else he would have been a priest. I said to him once, "Don't you think some of these people impose on you." There was a twinkle in his Irish eyes: "Sure—but isn't it better ninety-nine impostors should be given something than that one poor man should be sent away hungry?" I had heard that before, many a time, but that was the first time I saw it put into practice. Listening to him of an evening, speaking of the works of God and of the saints, his simple, sincere words harmonizing with the quiet hour, gave one a sense of evensong at the close of a peaceful day. He was one of those rare souls who "become as little children," yet have a man's broad outlook on humanity. People, who skim over the surface of things, are apt to take for granted that the contemplative life is a state altogether apart from the normal existence of human beings. St. Teresa, the inspired apostle of the contemplative life was a good house-keeper, wise in the values of foods. To this day Carmelite nuns cook their dinner according to the instructions she laid down. They cannot improve on them.

Although Trappists do not take charge of parishes, and do not mix with people outside the monastery, guest-house and school, yet are the monks in touch with the common task, the daily round, of the world outside the monastery boundaries. People from all parts of the country go to Mount St. Joseph sure of finding there the Spirit of Charity that brings peace to the soul. Many go there to seek sympathy, guidance in family—even in business affairs. Probably in no country but Ireland would the man in the street consult a monk over a business dispute, or ask his advice before starting a new undertaking; but the Irish believe that those who live close to God, who renounce all to follow Christ, have the gift of Wisdom. More often the monk is peace-maker in family quarrels. It lightens one's burden if one may lay bare the skeleton in the cupboard, and take counsel with a friend whose discretion is even as the seal of confession. The holiday maker goes there too: it would be hard to analyse from what view-point the monastery attracts him. It is an ideal place for a holiday in the country, he is sure of a good time, but something deeper draws him there. Are we always conscious of the promptings of our own soul? If there be sermons in stones then the Abbey speaks to him of a living faith. The church, standing out from the cloisters is the centre of life. Every morning, commencing before daybreak, the monks, who are priests, one after another offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; seven times a day the Community assemble in choir to chant the Divine Office. A man of the world may be impressed by sermons, he may be well-read in the lives of the saints, but nothing he hears or reads can bring home to him the spirit of religious life like being in personal touch with the monks' daily round. In quiet days spent at the monastery one has time to see things, and to think of their meaning. It seems so easy for the monk to take up his allotted task, whether it be doing the washing, or working in the fields, or teaching in the college, that one almost overlooks the heroic act the man made when he gave up everything the world reckons worth while to enter a monastery. "Laborare est orare," said St. Benedict. If there be a dividing line between the spiritual life and the daily round, we make it ourselves. To teach people of the world, by deeds more than by words, that no task is so low but that Faith can raise it to an act of prayer and praise, is surely monks' work.

M. KENNAWAY.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### SPAIN AND THE DIRECTORY.

ON the 13th of the present month, General Primo de Rivera's experiment in politics will have lasted two years. His dictatorship is a very strange phenomenon in this age of constitutional government, stranger even than Mussolini's beneficent autocracy. Many people think that the administration in Madrid is just *fascismo* spelt in the Spanish way, but in spite of apparent analogies, the two regimes differ widely in more ways than one. Mussolini had the Italian nation at his back while engineering his *coup d'état*. Ex-soldiers, artisans and business-men all lent a hand. The people of Spain, on the contrary, did nothing whatever for Primo de Rivera. He made his bold stroke with the sole assistance of his military colleagues. The history of his country during the decade previous to 1923 was his best justification. Spain, according to all the omens, was going down hill fast. Between October, 1918, and September, 1923, ten different Governments succeeded each other, all alike notorious for their incompetence and corruption. The campaign in Morocco was disgracefully mismanaged, national budgets showed an annual deficit of a thousand million pesetas, and above all, the social trouble was allowed to go steadily from bad to worse. The Syndicalists of the ill-famed *Unico* started a reign of terror in Catalonia, in the face of which the Government of the time was helpless owing to the utter rottenness of the juries. The people as a whole were apathetic in the presence of these evils, having lost faith in the professional politicians. Representative government ceased to exist except in name, as the elections were controlled by party wire-pullers who stopped at no illegality to get their own nominees returned. Politics was only a dirty game, and it made no difference whether Liberals or Conservatives were in power. The same men appeared under new labels, yesterday's War Minister becoming to-day's Minister of Education. Things at length came to such a pass that many thoughtful observers believed Spain to be on the high road to Bolshevism.

It was at this nadir of his country's fortunes that General Primo de Rivera intervened, with the determination of saving Spain in spite of herself. His own record as a soldier and a Catholic was so splendid that he was able consistently to emphasize ideals and tell the people plainly where their duty lay. The Chambers were dissolved and the jury-system abolished

without more ado. Martial law was proclaimed (and welcomed) throughout the country, while bandits and murderers found to their dismay that prisons and scaffolds did really exist. The chronic strikes, which for so many years had throttled the industrial life of the nation, stopped as if by magic, and the municipalities woke to find themselves free at last from the tyranny of boss-rule. Most drastic of all and most needed were the reforms in the Civil Service. In the old days State officials had a grand time, but the Directory fixed their hours for them and ruled that if a man came to his work fifteen minutes late he was to be deprived of a month's wages. Further, the number of State servants was cut down ruthlessly, and to its credit be it remembered this administration of soldiers reduced the standing army by 14,000 in a single year. This, too, in spite of Spain's perennial difficulties in Morocco. Profiteering and other national evils, such as prostitution, drunkenness, the drug traffic, and obscene literature, have had no mercy shown them by Primo de Rivera's men.

The Catalan question is one of the great problems of Spanish politics. Catalonia is to Spain what Ireland once was to England, only that Irishmen had the logic of a dividing sea in their argument. The Directory has shown much sympathy towards Catalan aspirations, and though hostile to the absurd separatist ideals of some provincial leaders, is aiming at a settlement that will respect the language and traditions of Catalonia. In all their work for peace they have been seconded splendidly by the King.

Masonry, Communism, Syndicalism and Socialism have all found a foe in Primo de Rivera, with the result that their influence in the Peninsula has waned very considerably since his advent to power. Spain is holding up her head again among the nations. Illiteracy is vanishing and the criminal statistics are returning to proportions unfortunately normal even in the best-regulated countries. The Church, too, has taken heart of grace and gone on her way rejoicing. Spain is first and foremost a Catholic land, and now given a free field, her piety is becoming the example of the world. This year, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Madrid was decorated more elaborately than on any national holiday, and the wonderful "Society for Nocturnal Adoration" is becoming daily more popular everywhere. In the capital alone there are thirty-two sections of it recruited from every class of men. On the night fixed for a particular section's "watch" the fifteen to thirty members enter the church in procession, preceded by their banner. Exposition over, all retire except two or four, who chant part of the Divine Office in Latin during the first half-hour of their vigil. When their time is up others succeed them and continue the Office. At 4.30 a.m. all the

members assemble to make their morning offering in common, and then there is Mass and Communion, after which they return home. This goes on all the year round, and many of the members are tramway employees whose work does not end until long after midnight. The ladies, stirred to a holy emulation by the men's example, have founded the "Society of Daily Adoration" to provide watchers before the Blessed Sacrament during the morning. Then it was the children's turn. They were organized into the Society of St. Tarcisius to do their share in the afternoons. The Nocturnal Adorers alone number over a hundred thousand.

Primo de Rivera has been bitterly criticized. Englishmen in particular are suspicious of dictators, remembering one Oliver Cromwell. But the Marquis de Estella is not a Cromwell. He is not in love with power and uses it only for noble ends. He was the first to recognize the technical illegality of his *coup d'état*, and he has never looked upon the position he occupies as anything but a temporary trust, which he will be only too pleased to resign when the emergency that created it has passed. Mussolini has often said that there are better things than liberty in this distracted world. The results of his own policy and that of Primo de Rivera seem to prove it.

S.K.

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#### LORD HALIFAX AND FATHER F. WOODLOCK.

IN reference to the Note which appeared in our last issue under the heading "A Speech by Lord Halifax," Father Woodlock asks us to find room for the following letter which was printed in the *Church Times* of August 21st, and also for the reply which was subsequently addressed by him to the same journal. We have much pleasure in acknowledging the courtesy of the Editor of the *Church Times* in kindly allowing us communication of Father Woodlock's letter before publication. It may be mentioned that the comments made in these columns by Father Woodlock upon the verbatim report of Lord Halifax's speech also appeared in French in our contemporary the *Etudes*. It is to this article that Lord Halifax makes allusion in the following letter.

*To the Editor of the "Church Times."*

I.

Sir,—I note what you say in your last issue that the correspondence in regard to Fr. Woodlock must cease. I will ask you, however, to print the following statement, which is the substance of a letter I sent to Fr. Woodlock on July 28th. I ask you to do this because I notice in the *Etudes* (the Jesuit *Révue*),



a commentary on my speech, and a further statement in regard to it, which I cannot allow to pass.

The object of Fr. Woodlock's comments on my speech is obvious, and it is not one that redounds to his credit. What I said in my speech at the Albert Hall was "that the authority of the Pope was not separate from that of the Episcopate." I did not say "that a Papal definition as to the Faith had *afterwards* to be *approved* by the Episcopate."

This is what Fr. Woodlock implies—it is an implication which he must have known was not to be inferred from my words. On the contrary, the speech went on to say that, in virtue of his office, the Pope was invested with Apostolic authority over, and a solicitude for, the visible Church throughout the world.

In my letter I asked Fr. Woodlock why he took exception to my remarks as to the position of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Was not the Archbishop of Canterbury in mediæval times spoken of as the *Alterius orbis Papa*, was he not *Legatus Natus*? Were such titles and claims outside the historical position of an Archbishop of Canterbury?

"You invest," I said, "my words with a meaning of your own, you attach to them a significance which is not theirs, and having done me this injustice you make it patent to everyone by your own letters that you are influenced by the fear that the conversations at Malines, instead of facilitating individual conversions, may promote the corporate reunion of the Church of England with the Holy See and be a step towards the healing of the wounds of the whole of Christendom, the object which of all others should surely be nearest to Christian hearts. I cannot forbear adding that Christian charity makes the best and not the worst of the words and actions of others. Your letter makes the worst of every word said by the members and authorities of the Church of England. No good can come from such methods.

"You will remember that when you were here you admitted you had never read the Catechism the English Church puts into the hands of all its children in preparation for Confirmation, and my remark that if you were not acquainted with that Catechism you were hardly entitled to speak of the Church of England. Do not the words of the Psalm: 'I labour for peace, but when I speak unto them thereof they make ready to battle' sum up the situation between us?"

HALIFAX.

Hickleton, Doncaster.

## II.

Sir,—It is with reluctance that I enter into this re-opened controversy as it has become so definitely personal. When I

received the letter of July 28th, from which Lord Halifax gives copious extracts in your last issue, I put it aside with the thought that it was evidently written in a moment of irritation; but after the sun has gone down many times he still thinks his words of wrath suitable for publication in your columns, and so I must deal with them.

I may say to your readers, what I have many times said to him, that nothing I can think of would give me greater joy than "corporate reunion," but I add, as I have always done, that I cannot share Lord Halifax's optimism, and do not see such "reunion" on the horizon of the present generation. Meanwhile, the responsibility of dying outside the communion of him whom Lord Halifax declares to be, *jure divino*, the Head of the Church of Christ, rests on individual Anglicans. Hence my efforts for individual conversions. Nor are these efforts inspired, as Lord Halifax suggests, by the desire of impeding "corporate reunion" or anything that may lead to it.

With regard to particular points raised by Lord Halifax, he first complains of my comments on the words "centre and symbol of unity." He had refrained from putting the doctrine of the Pope's personal infallibility as defined by the Vatican Council before his Albert Hall audience. In my comment I told the readers of the *Etudes* that Anglo-Catholics regard the Pope as a sort of president or "speaker" of a council, and that if the Pope were to issue a definition apart from a council, according to Anglo-Catholic theology it would be necessary to wait and see if this definition should be accepted by the whole Church before we could be sure of its truth.

Lord Halifax says that I here "imply" something. I implied nothing, but stated for *Etudes* readers what Anglo-Catholics would be prepared to accept as a theory of papal infallibility. I do not know what Lord Halifax holds about infallibility. If he holds a doctrine other than that held by Anglo-Catholics he should have stated whether it was opposed to the Vatican definition. What Anglo-Catholics hold is opposed to part of that definition. This is what I pointed out in my note.

Much trouble, confusion, and ill-feeling might have been avoided had Lord Halifax explained at once, and not weeks later, what he meant by the unfortunate words, "reconciliation with the Pope does not involve the denial of any of the historic claims of Canterbury." He now says publicly that what he had in mind were the pre-Reformation titles, "Alterius orbis Papa" and "Legatus Natus." Such an interpretation never occurred to me, and I confidently believe that his audience, like myself, understood the words to refer to the claim of Canterbury to be to-day a part of the Catholic Church and to have Orders and Apostolic Succession. You, Sir, in your leader of

July 17th, seemed not to question this interpretation, and suggested that with regard to the legitimacy of this claim there might be a difference of opinion between "the Jesuit in our midst" and the benevolent and venerable Cardinal of Malines.

That Continental theologians should be represented by innuendo as holding a different doctrine from their English co-religionists about the necessity of communion with the Pope for actual Catholicity called for immediate correction. Successfully to give currency to this idea would be to "poison the wells" and would make all utterances by theologians in England futile. There would always be an appeal to the authority of "Continental theologians" against an utterance even of the combined Roman Catholic Episcopate of this country, the appeal, as in this case, not being substantiated by reference to detailed documents.

No misunderstanding would have arisen, nor any suspicion of dogmatic disagreement between "the Jesuit" and "the Cardinal," had Lord Halifax said simply and clearly: "To be reconciled with the Pope, we must accept his supreme jurisdiction and personal infallibility; we must submit to reordination, and must honestly believe all the defined doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. It will then be possible that the Archbishop of Canterbury may once again receive from Peter's successor the pallium and all the jurisdiction which it signified in pre-Reformation days in England."

You say on the first page of your last issue, when commenting on a passage from the *Record*: "Our contemporary says: 'Lord Halifax has advised submission to the Papacy. As a matter of fact, Lord Halifax has done nothing of the kind.'" What, then, does Lord Halifax mean? Either he means that the acceptance of the supremacy of the Pope does not involve submission to his universal jurisdiction and infallibility (in which case he misrepresents the theology of Malines), or he is pleading for the acceptance of the universal jurisdiction, which was repudiated by the reformers and is still repudiated by all Anglican bishops—in which case he is advising submission. Does Lord Halifax repudiate Anglicanism or does Anglicanism repudiate Lord Halifax? I am frankly puzzled by the situation.

Bishop Gore, on his return from Malines, seems to have understood its theology, and he writes: "I cannot pretend to see any way at present opening through the dogmatic obstacles between us." He at least recognizes that the obstacles are dogmatic; nor would he, I imagine, say that they are obstacles created by the jealous fear of English ecclesiastics, lest "corporate reunion" should result in the overshadowing of Westminster by a uniate Canterbury. The implication of the word "dogmatic" might have allowed him to omit the phrase "at present."

In his second paragraph, Lord Halifax accuses me of a dis-

creditable motive in intervening, and he puts into inverted commas words I never used. The readers of the *Etudes* had the verbatim report of his speech before them, and could judge for themselves the fairness of my comments. Your readers have not the same opportunity with regard to my article. In his third paragraph he accuses me of conscious dishonesty. As I am a Jesuit, I suppose I must not be surprised at this. In his fifth, he accuses me of "fearing" lest the Malines Conversations may promote corporate reunion, and says my letter "makes the worst of every word said by members and authorities of the Church of England."

FRANCIS WOODLOCK, S.J.

#### WAS ST. AUGUSTINE AN EVOLUTIONIST?

WHEN a book is written to attack a certain position, the reader would be helped by being told, first of all, what precisely the position is and who are its chief defenders. This is all the more necessary when the point in dispute is an abstruse one and has often been dealt with in books of very different scientific value. A small volume of 148 pages, with the title "Augustine and Evolution," which we reviewed in July and the author of which is Father Henry Woods, S.J., of Santa Clara University, California, aims, as we are told frankly in the preface, at calling a halt to those Catholics "who wish to go a certain distance with the modern Evolutionist [and] yet perceive that a large number of theologians and teachers hold that the work can be followed only at the sacrifice of Catholic teaching and divine revelation." That is the position, but we are not told who the defenders are. These Catholic evolutionists go for help, in their straits, to Hippo, and Father Woods' book is an attempt to show that their invocation of St. Augustine avails them nothing at all. He does his work well, but one cannot help feeling that it is rather wasted pains, a beating of the air. Father Woods nowhere mentions any of these topsy-turvy clients of the great African doctor by name and we are left guessing whether it is Mivart or Leroy or Zahm or Dorlodot he has chiefly in view. Mivart did indeed maintain that St. Augustine asserted abstract principles which if worked out lead logically to the modern view of evolution, and in his "Lessons from Nature" even rhapsodizes on the point. "Let us," he says, "turn in imagination into the cool and peaceful shade of the old Cathedral of San Stefano at Pavia where repose the ashes of the once fervid African, the large-souled Bishop of Hippo. . . . In the presence of those justly-revered relics, can any thoughtful mind fail to be struck with awe as he ponders on the pregnant fact

that by the agency of such minds as those of St. Augustine and St. Thomas the Church should have unconsciously provided for the reception of modern theories by the emission of fruitful principles and far-reaching definitions, centuries before such theories were promulgated . . . ?" (p. 448). Father Zahm, in his well-known "Bible, Science and Faith," was yet more emphatic: "It may seem strange to my readers to be told that St. Augustine was the father of theistic evolution and yet paradoxical as it may appear the statement is substantially true" (p. 78). Exegesis of this sweeping type is certainly fair game for a careful critic. St. Augustine was assuredly no Darwinian. He believed in the fixity of species as devoutly as Aristotle himself, and his profound theory of the *rationes seminales* with which God impressed matter in the moment of its creation cannot reasonably be interpreted as a marvellous foregleam of modern evolutionary theory. The modern theory is that existing forms of animals and plants have come to be what they are through descent, not from ancestors like themselves, but from a few simple and primitive forms of life. According to St. Augustine, on the other hand, each separate species was fixed and determined and formulated in its own *ratio seminalis* from the start. In a very true sense

the first morning of Creation wrote  
What the last dawn of Reckoning shall read.

"From a grain of wheat," says the Saint, "a bean cannot issue, nor wheat from a bean, nor a man from a beast, nor a beast from a man."<sup>1</sup> Father Woods then is perfectly justified when he says, as Père Portalié saw before him: "The theory that St. Augustine was an evolutionist or that his doctrine favours evolution, whether of Darwin or any other, in the least degree, [transgresses] every law, not only of interpretation, but even of reasoning" (p. 124). But no recent Catholic writers of any eminence have defended such a theory, and what Mivart or Zahm thought about St. Augustine is not so very important after all. If anyone seriously wishes to impugn the orthodoxy of moderate evolution, as held by some Catholics, he had better tackle Canon Dorlodot's book and make hay with that if he can. The learned Canon's discussion of St. Augustine's views is a model of sober and well-documented criticism which nothing in Father Woods' brilliant study invalidates.<sup>2</sup> Augustine is *hors de cause*, and the question whether modern evolutionary theory squares with the teaching of the Church will have to be fought out on other ground than that of patrology.

<sup>1</sup> "De Genesi ad litteram," ix., n. 32.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. "Darwinism and Catholic Thought," pp. 80—87 and 141—151 (Engl. Ed.).

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**What  
hinders  
Peace?**

There will always be an army of writers engaged in crying-down efforts after peace, partly because they cannot escape from the grooves of tradition, partly because it is far easier to criticize than construct. Tradition suggests that what has been will always be—a manifest falsehood, as is proved by all moral progress, and the growth itself of civilization. It should surely be as possible to extend the reign of law over the nations of the earth, as it has been within each individual community. The banishment of the methods of barbarism—personal vindication of justice by violence—should prove as advantageous to the world at large as it has to each separate State. The same moral law that has civilized every social group has still power to civilize humanity as a whole. It is not necessary, nor would it be possible, to create a super-State, charged with the duty of enforcing that law upon the nations of the world. A voluntary League of the civilized and the strong, moral enough to set justice before narrow self-interest, influential enough to compel imitation of their good example, could effectively banish war as an instrument of policy and confine the use of force to international police-work. We cannot deny that there is a practical difficulty in finding nations strong enough and civilized enough to form an effective voluntary association of that kind. Not that any is so foolish or so criminal as to desire war for war's sake, but nearly all are governed by men who themselves are dominated by the old diplomatic tradition, and, so far, are not being forced to legislate for peace by a sound, strong, Christian public opinion. So the difficulty resolves itself into this: war is still envisaged as a practical policy and a possible occurrence, because the nations which Christianity has civilized will not take the trouble to apply Christianity to their dealings with one another. Their Christianity, in other words, is not thorough.

**The International  
Catholic Conference  
at Oxford.**

It is this universal defect which gives its immense significance to the recent assembly at Oxford, at the joint invitation of the British "Catholic Council of International Relations," and the Catholic Social Guild, of the Fifth Annual Conference of the International Catholic League (known as I.K.A.), to discuss the bearings and implications of the principle of nationality. Nationality in one form or another—national interest, national prestige, national expansion, national culture—has always been the pretext for war. The principle has been invoked to justify every kind of crime and injustice, just as it has inspired the noblest self-sacrifice and heroism. Manifestly, it



is one which needs definition and restraint, such as only the loftier principle of Christian morality can provide. It is high time that Catholics should get together to consider it, high time, if we may say so, that the lawful limits of the national principle should form part of the ethical teaching of the Catholic Church. No sentiment more easily degenerates into racial egotism and pride than love of country, unless it is conjoined with the love of God and His justice. Yet we cannot say that Catholics have hitherto been prominent in insisting upon the limits beyond which nationalism—the concrete expression of nationality—cannot lawfully stray. They have found it easier, in international as in commercial matters, to fall in with the current sentiment: they have been slow to show themselves Christians to the marrow: they have not acted as a leaven to the non-Catholic mass around them: they have not responded as they should to the clear and constant teaching of the Popes, who preached, even in the midst of the world-war, the abiding law of charity.

**How the  
Allies hindered  
the restoration of  
good will.**

It is the curse of modern warfare that it cannot be effectively waged until Christian good will has been destroyed, and, in pursuance of their aims, the leaders of the belligerents without exception set themselves at home and in the field deliberately to destroy whatever international amity existed before the war, and to replace it by international hatred and suspicion. They were only too successful, but the evil disposition remained when it had done its work. In the light of latter events, in how sinister a light appears that iniquitous clause in the Treaty of Rome whereby the assistance of Italy was purchased by the Allies—"France, Great Britain and Russia pledge themselves to support Italy in not allowing the representatives of the Holy See to undertake any diplomatic steps having for their object the conclusion of peace or the settlement of questions connected with the present war." In thus ruling out the Pope from their counsels, the Allies in effect ruled out all Christian influences from their feeble and futile attempt to restore peace to Europe. With what result we know. And even yet, in spite of the experiences of seven years' unrest, they are loath to re-establish that good will on which alone peace can be securely based, and to call in to support them the enormous moral force wielded by the Papacy.

**An Over-due  
Peace-Effort by  
Catholics.**

At last, as the Oxford Conference shows, Catholics are determined, in spite of the diplomats, to do what they can to establish the peace of Christ, which is out of the worlds' power to establish. Germans and Frenchmen and Englishmen

and Poles and Americans, together with representatives of some score of other States in the New World as well as in the Old, freely fraternized at Oxford on the basis of their Catholic citizenship to discuss the root causes of international conflict. Thus they would organize and consolidate that sense of human solidarity, that spirit of international good will, that zeal for the common interests of mankind, upon which Catholic teaching insists as essentially Christian, and upon which the Papacy in its rôle of peacemaker amongst the nations must ultimately rely. Referring to the Clause XV. of the Roman Secret Treaty, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, who is not a Catholic, remarks:

To the historian who remembers the part played by the Papacy throughout the Middle Ages in endeavouring to preserve the peace of the world and to adjust disputes, this repudiation beforehand of any intervention by the Holy See gives ironic testimony to the completeness with which Europe has become de-Christianized, so far as international relations are concerned.

The International Catholic League means to re-Christianize Europe as a first step towards re-Christianizing the world. Catholicism is the only definite and consistent form of religion that exists, and, leaving out the Russian Orthodox, the members of the Church far out-number the members of all other Christian bodies in Europe. If all Catholics agree that they will support no war, which cannot be shown to be just according to the standard of the moral law, then a most powerful and widespread influence in favour of peace will immediately come into force. Such united action presupposes a continued and intelligent interest on the part of Catholics in the foreign affairs of their respective countries, and an immediate condemnation of acts and projects which are not in accord with Christian justice. But as such supervision is impossible for the bulk of citizens, immersed in their own immediate concerns and without means of accurately knowing international matters, the formation of a Council or Committee in each country, on the lines of the British Catholic Council for International Relations and charged with this function, is obviously desirable. The private discussions held at Oxford between delegates of various foreign Catholic societies, including three which are already international in scope, will, we trust, have the practical result of creating, where necessary, and uniting in one Federation these various centres of Catholic international activity.

**Catholic Pacifism  
is not Heretical  
nor Unpatriotic.**

None recognize more clearly than Catholics that there is an internationalism which is destructive of proper patriotism, and a pacifism founded in heresy and productive of class-war. From those evil developments Catholic teaching keeps

them free. Whilst upholding the right of God to guide and influence all human concerns, they are all the more careful to render his due to Cæsar. Still, in so far as it is prompted by genuine Christian detestation of violence replacing law in the settlements of disputes, or even by a man's reluctance to being made a pawn in a quarrel which he did nothing to provoke and from which he can expect little good, no Catholic can withhold a certain measure of sympathy from such organizations as the "No More War" movement, or the "National Council for the Prevention of War,"<sup>1</sup> or that vast International Organization of ex-Service men for the furtherance of peace, of which Sir Ian Hamilton is in this country the guiding spirit. For they serve to keep public opinion from regarding war as inevitable and, therefore, making no effort to secure its abolition. Nor are the efforts and aims of M. Marc Sangnier, the chief organizer of the Democratic International Congress, which meets this month in Luxembourg, to be overlooked, for although his association with non-Catholic bodies prevents him from delivering the Catholic doctrine of peace in all its integrity, he has done much to bring former belligerents together in amity and to further the understanding between France and Germany on which the harmony of the world depends. It is so easy to be warlike and self-assertive and jingoistic, so easy to check the feeble efforts of a war-stricken world, which knows not what is for its peace, to be freed from the menace of further conflict, so hard to be Christian and hopeful and constructive, that we should be very slow to condemn even misguided aspirations and impracticable ideals, sprung from a detestation of the barbarism of war. The warmongers we shall have always with us,—the fighting-caste whose business war is, a noble calling given its justification: the munition-makers for whose profit it is necessary: the commercialized press whose sales it increases: the atheists and materialists for whom might is right; and the unthinking, uneducated multitude, always at the mercy of a venal press and unprincipled politicians. These and such as these go to make the public opinion which the few manipulate for their own ends, and which readily gravitates towards war in a crisis; and it is against such influences that the peace-makers have constantly to strive.

**Who is to blame  
for Naval  
Competition?**

How natural, then, for them to welcome all who consider preparations for peace as much more necessary than preparations for war. The great Powers are plainly pursuing at the moment two

contradictory policies: they have established a League of Nations,

<sup>1</sup> The National Council has recently presented a petition with over 400,000 signatures, asking the Government to sign the clause securing the obligatory submission of judicial disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice—an adhesion which would do much to enhance the influence of that Court.

the main object of which is to obviate the necessity of colossal individual systems of defence, whilst at the same time they are engaging in an open armament competition by air and sea, if not also by land. The naval debate on July 29th in the House of Commons, which gave the Government power to embark upon an extensive building-programme, was conducted as if the League of Nations had never been heard of. According to the figures shown, which we have already quoted in these pages, this country is least to blame for this unabashed rivalry in warships. The evidence is worth repeating, and it is given in the words of the First Lord:

While other countries were building ships we could not afford to leave it alone. We were not leaders in competition in armaments. Since the war the five great maritime countries—the United States, Japan, France, Italy, and ourselves—had laid down 399 warships of different kinds—cruisers, submarines, and destroyers. What had been our programme? Seven cruisers, two destroyers, and seven submarines, and Australia had provided two of that number. The United States had laid down 10 cruisers, 76 destroyers, and 30 submarines; Japan, 18 cruisers, 50 destroyers, 45 submarines; France, five cruisers, 24 destroyers, 25 submarines; and Italy, two cruisers, 22 destroyers, 13 submarines. Who was now going to say we were starting the race in armaments? Other nations had done what they had done to ensure their safety, and the safety of their trade.

Leaving out the United States, which has apparently refused to continue in peace the help it gave to civilization in war, the over-burdened taxpayers in the other four countries have the right to ask their Governments why they do not get together, in accordance with the provisions of the League to which they belong, and agree to begin a drastic reduction in navel armaments. There would be no menace to trade, no fear of any aggression, if the navies of the great Powers were all reduced to, say, five or ten cruisers apiece: enough in combination to prevent piracy in any of the Seven Seas. What are the ulterior motives that prevent the adoption of this common-sense means of security?

**The "World  
Conference" at  
Stockholm.**

Let us hope that the "World-Conference on Life and Work"—a non-Catholic assembly, which met at Stockholm on August 19th, and is to be continued till the close of the month, and which is mainly concerned with the promotion of peace and of social welfare—will manage to have that question put—and answered. Nothing could be better than the aim of these earnest folk—the 650 delegates who claim to represent "every

Christian Church or Creed" (with the exception of the Church of Christ)—who mean "to apply Christian ethics and the spirit of Christ to problems of the present day": nothing seems less likely than that the resulting resolutions should be sound, definite and practical. For Christian ethics are based upon Christian dogma, and the spirit of Christ can only be found with certainty and completeness in that organization to which He was promised, the Church founded upon Peter. But it is all to the good that non-Catholic bodies also should be interested in the promotion of international reconciliation, and their efforts should be a further stimulus to Catholics to make the best uses of their unique means and opportunities for the same end. It is noteworthy as an additional exhibition of the lack of the sense of heresy in the Orthodox communions that they have sent 100 delegates to this predominantly Protestant gathering. On the other hand, it may be feared that the new national schisms, which have arisen in the emancipated Balkan States and have been fostered by anti-Catholic Governments, will receive some accession of strength from recognition in this Conference, but they may be trusted to succumb sooner or later to their inherent defects, as is the fate of all bodies not based upon the Rock. Anglicanism is represented by several diocesan Bishops and Deans, much to the discomfiture of the *Church Times*, which, while itself remaining in communion with Anglican Modernists and anti-Sacramentarians, illogically takes it amiss that English Churchmen should consort with Protestant Lutherans.

**The Vain Pursuit  
of  
National Economy.**

Great hopes had been placed by the country in Mr. Churchill, and no doubt he himself had entertained hopes no less great,—that he would be able to effect large reductions in the crushing national expenditure of about £800,000,000 per annum. But in the last debate of the Session, on August 7th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose Budget surpassed that of the previous year by £10,000,000, was compelled to confess that, so far from being able to reduce expenditure, "most of his time was taken up . . . in resisting further demands for expenditure—not resisting foolish demands or improper demands, but resisting demands for wise expenditure, for desirable expenditure and sometimes for just expenditure." Here then we have the testimony of one who knows, and whose whole interest and prestige depend on his success as an economist, admitting that the already excessive cost of the English bureaucratic machine is more likely to grow than to diminish, and that, with all the good will in the world, he cannot keep it down. The result is a heavy burden on industry which puts Great Britain at a disadvantage in regard to its competitors, besides keeping up

the cost of living and increasing unemployment at home. Neither the Chancellor nor his critics traced the evil to its ultimate source—the steady growth of Socialism. Owing to the operation of the Capitalist system, the community as a whole is doing for its indigent members what they should be doing for themselves, were property better distributed. The State has now taken out of the hands of the wage-earner the medical and educational charge of his children and has supplemented his insurance contributions to secure him subsistence both when out of work or past work. What is amongst the well-to-do, and what ought to be everywhere, were conditions normal, the business of the family is now laid upon the State, because of the existence of the vast proletariat, created by the industrial revolution. A thoughtful article in our present issue aims at showing that Capitalism is perishing from a disease of its own creating, and that this its decay proves that it was never a wise nor a moral system. Signs of death are not wanting and there is something pathetic in the Government's claiming £58,000,000 for naval construction to protect trade-routes, when overseas trade itself is on its death-bed.

#### **The Coal Subsidy.**

It is the disaster that has overtaken our key-industry, coal-mining, which has prompted the query—Is Capitalism doomed? That the cost of production should have so grown as to make the mining industry as a whole cease to pay seems to some the handwriting on the wall. There is abundance of coal in stock and it is constantly being added to, but the demand for it, at the only price at which it can be economically sold, seems to have fallen-off permanently. Observers have pointed out that this result is a nemesis on the conduct of the mining industry immediately after the war, when the desperate needs of France and Italy were exploited to the full with Government connivance, and British coal was sold abroad at more than £6 a ton—a species of usurious practice on which we animadverted at the time. What has been the result? Sir Richard Redmayne, late Chief Inspector of Mines, tells us in the *Observer* for August 2nd: "It is the excessively high prices we charged for our coal during and after the war which led to the great hydro-electric developments in Italy and elsewhere, with the consequent greatly decreased demand from those countries for coal." Others have pointed out that the enormously high profits thus made by the owners and the Government prompted the miners, desirous of their share, to carry out the disastrous coal-strike of 1920,—a strike which cost the country £200,000,000. Now the foreigner, in disgust and self-defence, has taken to oil or electricity or has found cheaper markets, and the taxpayer has to



find a minimum of £10,000,000 to save the British coal industry from immediate and total collapse. The Commission of Enquiry into the economics of the coal-trade may be the first step towards some form of public control of an industry which in private hands has ceased to function to the advantage of the community. In spite of the utterances of the miners' "wild men," the blame for the late crisis, both by the official report and by the public generally, is laid upon the owners, who as a body seem to have been slow to recognize how to make the best use of their property. There appears to be wonderful possibilities in coal, treated not as a fuel but for its by-products.

**The Progress  
of  
the Pact.**

In the letter of the Versailles Treaty and the League Covenant, to which she has a right to assume that the Allies adhere, Germany has found a powerful weapon wherewith to support her proposals for a Franco-German Pact. These documents suppose, first that there will be general European disarmament on the German model, and secondly that certain arrangements of the Versailles Treaty may possibly demand revision. Once in the League of Nations, Germany can say to her colleagues—"we must be armed alike if we have the like obligations"—and there is no gainsaying that logic. And again, as a Member of the League, she will be within her rights in asking for reconsideration of such provisions of the Treaty as do not work equitably or are really opposed to peace. Moreover, as a potential member of the League and governed by its laws, she will have all fair-minded people with her in her objection to having disputes between her and the Allies determined by a tribunal in which one of the parties arraigned may act as judge. In fact, the whole attitude of Germany is a challenge to the sincerity of the Allies in regard to the League of Nations. Many papers, more now in England than in France, write as if we had no obligations under the League and were as free to direct our policy as if we had never entered it. The contrary is the case. The League has made us all members one of another, and Pact or no Pact, we are already obliged to take action in defence of the law of nations as far as it has been embodied in that document. France, it may be gladly noted, is coming to rely more and more on the League, both as a means of security and defence of her rights under the Peace Treaty. Anyhow, the day is approaching when the idea of further coercing or punishing Germany must be given up. Having a wolf by the ears, you must either keep hold of them or release him entirely: merely to let go one ear will neither appease him nor render you safe.

**The Folly  
of the  
Fundamentalists.**

The verdict in the Scopes trial and the death of Mr. Bryan, the foremost anti-Darwinian, has not prevented the issue being raised again in various forms. Mr. Scopes's own appeal opens the question of the constitutional character of the anti-evolutionary school laws in Tennessee, and it will be debated in the State Supreme Court some time this month. The Catholic attitude in this matter is by this time sufficiently well known, except by such wilful obscurantists as the Anglican Bishop of Durham.<sup>1</sup> Catholics lament the foolish and irrational defence of the Bible put up by the Tennessee Fundamentalists as a travesty of the Christian position. The answers made under cross-examination by Mr. Bryan were inspired by blind Bibliolatry. Reverence for the Word of God should surely include a recognition, gained by intelligent study, that it does not nor can contradict what is known of God's works and ways from other sources. Of course, Protestant literalists like Mr. Bryan have no guidance in the matter save their own intelligences; moreover, they may be excused for not seeking help from the pretentious works of unbelievers, but there are many scientific men who are also sincere believers in the Bible as God's revelation and who have laboured with success to show that there is no contradiction between the facts of science properly established and the records of the Bible properly understood. Apparently the Tennessee Protestants have never heard of their writings.

**"Apologetic"  
Bible  
Study needed.**

It is to be feared, indeed, that such writings are too little read or perhaps too much out of the reach of the ordinary Christian. Popular atheistic "science" has the ear of the man-in-the-street: works of real erudition in defence of the Faith are hidden away in dead or foreign languages. Yet the need of popular books to explain and protect the Bible against scoffers like Messrs. Shaw and Wells is very great. There is no mention of the Bible—its nature, scope and functions in the Christian Church—to be found in the pages of the Catechism. There is no adequate exposition of the meaning and range of inspiration in our books of religious instruction. The main atheistic attack upon Christianity has long proceeded by way of the Scriptures, and the attack has been singularly successful against those whose faith, such as it is, rests upon the Book and not on the authority

<sup>1</sup> This militant anti-Catholic, whom no exposure can render cautious or accurate, wrote, in the *Evening Standard* for July 28th, in answer to the self-set question—"Can modern Science be harmonised with historic Christianity?"—"The Roman Church has answered with an emphatic negative," and refers to Pope Pius X.'s condemnation of Modernism! What the decree *Lamentabili* has to do with the physical sciences the Bishop does not pause to point out.

which guarantees it, the voice of the living Church. In every big museum—not excluding South Kensington—there are tendentious exhibitions of prehistoric skulls, arbitrarily dated and graded and "completed" in order to show the assumed descent of man from an ape-like ancestor. No antidote to that unscientific poison is easily accessible. Besides, whilst current Catholic tradition holds that the present human race sprang from a single pair, created by God in physical, intellectual and moral perfection, even our text-books do not grapple with the phenomena presented by prehistoric human stocks which suggest extinct pre-Adamite races. There is work here for a learned yet "popular" apologist.

**The Ethics  
of  
Punishment.**

It is satisfactory to note from the proceedings of the Ninth International Prison Congress, which closed on August 10th, that the Christian view of the purposes of punishment

is now generally recognized, to the abandonment of the extremes which regarded the convicted prisoner either as an outlaw to whom neither justice nor kindness was due or as an inculpable moral invalid to be nursed back into sanity. Punishment is primarily vindictive, or to coin a less ambiguous word, vindicative,—it is the process by which right order, outraged by crime, is vindicated. Society is held together by a due regard for established rights, and it would dissolve if such rights could be disregarded with impunity. Punishment in the second place should be corrective or reformatory, having in view the reconstruction of the criminal's moral character. It is this aspect which is foremost when the faults of children are punished. And finally, as regards potential offenders, punishment is deterrent or preventive. For this reason the criminal is tried and sentenced publicly that others may learn that honesty is the best policy. That all these characteristics of punishment should be combined was adequately recognized in various addresses at the Congress, and gratifying evidence was produced to show that, whilst penal detention had become much more humane, it had also become more effective. The establishment of children's courts, the segregation of old from young offenders, the special treatment of mental defectives, the probationary system, and finally the Borstal Institute, are all proofs that Society, in asserting its rights, has still in view the reformation of the offender. The working of a recent experiment—the indeterminate sentence, whereby a criminal may be detained until he proves he is fit to be released—was regarded, we are glad to say, with a certain amount of distrust, for it is easily liable to grave abuse. If reformation is to be encouraged, the old system of remitting punishment in reward for good conduct seems effective enough.

**The Crime  
Tide  
in U.S.A.**

We presume that the United States was represented at this Congress, but until the full report is published we cannot tell what contribution its representatives made. America, as is well known, has been the happy hunting-ground for all sorts of penological cranks. Efforts have been made to cure the criminal by kindness, and, on the other hand, there have been appalling revelations of the lengths to which prison authorities have gone in maltreating convicts! That either extreme has been successful no one pretends. The American press is practically unanimous in denouncing, not the wave, but the tide of crime which threatens civilization in most of their large cities. Yet the press itself seems to be partly responsible through its tendency to turn criminals into heroes or at least to stimulate their miserable vanity. Add to this the difficulty of securing conviction and the further chance of evading the full sentence, and we can see how smooth the way is made for the ill-doer. But we are inclined to think that the true cause of the phenomenal growth and spread of serious crime in the States is not the revolver or the motor-car or "the increasing complexity of our modern civilization," but simply and solely the lack of religious training in the public schools. It is a common phenomenon that, in France and America and elsewhere, secularist legislators should banish religion from education and then find to their amazement that they have banished morality from social life. Turn youths who do not feel the restraints of conscience into a community which does not exercise the restraints of law, and the result is—Chicago, where there are fourteen murders to every one in London and an excess of 2,000 burglaries over the annual London total. If it were not that the evidence had been so long accessible without producing any effect, we might hope that even the secularist would at last realize that to banish God from the world is to give free play to the devil. Pending a return to the elementary common sense of the question, the States would do well to enact yet another Prohibition measure, and make revolvers contraband!

**Playgrounds  
for  
the Poor.**

Regularly every summer, the London Socialist press advocates the throwing open of the various squares for the recreation of the poor, especially the children of the streets. It is no doubt pathetic to see these little waifs gazing through the railings at the cool oases in their arid brick and asphalt desert, but allowing the public to use the squares would immediately depreciate the property which surrounds them, the inhabitants of which pay for their upkeep. Therefore, justice would demand that before the exclusive rights of these owners and occu-

piers were abolished, compensation should be made to them. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that *The Times* of a recent date, stickler though it is for the rights of property, put in a guarded plea for the democratization of these leafy pleasancess, influenced perhaps by the persistence of hot weather or, perhaps, recalling what it wrote a hundred years ago about the way in which public amenities were then curtailed by the wealthy. The extract, from *The Times* for August 5, 1825, illustrates, moreover, a certain freedom in criticizing royalty which the paper has long since discarded. A correspondent having suggested that "the new Buckingham Palace" had as much right as other neighbouring owners "to a slice out of the much diminished Green Park," *The Times* rejoined:

We on the other hand are disposed to say that the Green-park, having been so much cut up already, will bear no further robbery. The houses of Arlington-street and St. James's-place have gardens pilfered from that little pleasure-ground. The Ranger has on his side not been idle. The Duke of York's garden is, every inch of it, Green-park cribbage. The illustrious Duke has enclosed the said garden, or paddock, with a melancholy black paling, fitted only to substitute blue devils for the light and air and walking ground, from which it debars the pedestrians of all ranks and ages, but more especially the poor little children who have no resource but in these green enclosures. The paling, however, will, we trust, come down, as the mansion now building for the illustrious personage rises; and the public will at least have the privilege of seeing that which they can no otherwise enjoy. But we really do not yet understand why the Buckingham Palace should be so contrived as to render necessary any new encroachment on the comfort of the inhabitants of London. . . . The King of England ought to have a private pleasure-ground wherein to enjoy himself undisturbed; and at Buckingham-house *he has that accommodation*—an abundant measure of it—without picking or stealing from the Green-park.

Even at the cost of some of their amenities the proprietors of these exclusive pleasure-grounds in our over-grown cities would show prudence as well as humanity in opening them periodically to the public, after the example of the Benchers of Gray's Inn, who admit children into their beautiful gardens on fine evenings in summer. It would be difficult to estimate the gain to health and pleasure produced by the conversion of St. Stephen's Green in Dublin into an ornamental public park through the munificence of a member of the Guinness family. And experience shows, as in this latter case, that such privileges are not abused.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Nicaea**, The Council of [Adhémar d'Alès in *Etudes*, August 5, 1925, p. 257].

**Hell**, The Descent of Christ into [G. H. Joyce in *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, August, 1925, p. 234].

**Just Wage**, The, What is it? [*La Civiltà Cattolica*, August 1, 1925, p. 198].

**Responsibility** from the Sociological Point of View [H. Dehove in *Revue Apologetique*, August 1, 1925, p. 530].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Palestine** and the Holy Places: International inaction [H. C. Watts in *Commonweal*, July 22, 1925, p. 266].

**Healing**, The Grace of, in the Early Church [Father Joseph, O.C.D., in *Homiletic Review*, August, 1925, p. 1173].

**Idealism** Refuted [*Civiltà Cattolica*, August 15, 1925, p. 335].

**Modernism**, The Survival of,—the Buonajuti affair [*Civiltà Cattolica*, August 1, 1925, p. 220].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Plotinus**, Religious Philosophy of [J. Lebreton in *Etudes*, August 20, 1925, p. 427].

**Education** of the Family, Authority and Liberty in [L. Arnould in *Revue des Jeunes*, August 25, 1925, p. 396].

**French** Politics and the Church [Denis Gwynn in *Catholic Truth*, July—August, 1925, p. 101].

**Industrialism** v. Agriculture [R. Ginns, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, August, 1925, p. 442].

**Denmark**. The Church in [*Revue Apologetique*, August 1, 1925, p. 565].

**Scopes** trial in Dayton, Significance of [John McHugh Stuart in *Commonweal*, August 12, 1925, p. 324].

**Archbishop** Laud, The Myth of [Rev. H. E. G. Rope in *Truth* (New York), August, 1925, p. 10].

**Wales** and the Welsh [*Tablet*, August 15, 1925, p. 206].

**Nationality**, The Principle of [*Tablet*, August 15, 1925, p. 220].



# REVIEWS

## I—ROMAN PICTURE BOOKS<sup>1</sup>

IT was to be expected that in view of this year of Jubilee when visitors are flocking to the Mother City of Christendom in their thousands, and are no doubt anxious to bring home with them some suitable memorial of what they have seen there, the enterprising publishers of the Fatherland would be keen to turn this golden opportunity to account. The result has been a wonderful output of sumptuously illustrated volumes whose appeal is addressed much more directly to the eye than to the literary or historical perceptions of the pilgrims whose patronage it is hoped to secure. Foremost amongst them, and in every way commendable for the high artistic level of its reproductions, is the volume which bears the conveniently Catholic and international title of "*Roma Sacra*." It is difficult among the crowd of names, all duly recorded in a sort of colophon which appears upon the last printed page, to decide which firm is primarily responsible for the pictorially excellent results. At the foot of the title page may be read, "Publishers, Uvachrom-Union for Chromatic Photography Inc. Vienna; Uvachrom, Inc. Munich; Uvachrom Inc. Biel. MCMXXV." We record this without knowing what it means (though we suspect that "Inc." may possibly stand for Incorporated), because we do not wish to withhold from any deserving association the recognition which is its due. As colour photographs we gladly attest that the pictures are very good indeed. They are not all of equal excellence, but the level on the whole is decidedly high. There are in all 152 coloured plates and 10 uncoloured, all of quarto size. The subjects are for the most part the Roman churches, both interior and exterior views being given, but there are also a number of other pictures which reproduce frescoes in the catacombs, groups of the reliquaries, etc., preserved in the treasuries of the great basilicas, views of the Forum, the Palatine and other famous antiquities, the apartments of the Vatican, many mediæval mosaics, one or two of the old Roman roads, and a number of other things, not forgetting a very effective view (pl. 152) of St. Peter's at sunset. But to this commendation we regret to have to add that

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Roma Sacra*, a series of 152 views in colours, with a foreword by Peter Sinthern. Uvachrom Union for Chromatic Photography, Inc. Vienna, 1925. Pp. 46, 162 plates. Price, 45 shillings.

(2) *Die Stadt Rom zu Ende der Renaissance*. By Ludwig von Pastor. Revised edition. Herder, Freiburg. Pp. xvi. 132. Price, 8.80 marks. 1925.

(3) *Die Fresken der Sixtinischen Kapelle*, etc. By the same. Same publisher. Pp. vi. 170. Price, 4 marks. 1925.

the English of the letter-press is in places deplorable and quite unworthy of the handsome gift-book in which it appears. We have not seen the original text, presumably German, from which the version has been made. It appears to be a rather turgid "high-falutin" sort of screed, which was probably by no means easy to translate into natural English, but the results are certainly not happy. Take, for example, the following sentence on the first page, the original of which can hardly have presented any exceptional difficulty:

In proportion to the inexhaustible treasures of Sacred Rome, a limited number of views only can be selected, sufficient, however, to give an idea of Christian Rome, the outline of whose growth and being is the purpose of the short space of this foreword.

But there is much more of the same kind of thing, and we can only presume that the translator, and possibly the publishers, have proceeded upon the assumption that in a picture book of this nature it does not matter what the letter-press is like, for nobody ever reads it. Still, in a work costing 45 shillings and typographically admirable, one really might expect that some competent person would read through the short introduction of 46 pages and correct such misprints as the following—the "Logge of Raffael" (it occurs twice on p. 43 and again in the index), "the obelisks, colossal monolithes," "the Circus of Maximus" (twice on p. 40), the "Piazza del Popolo," "Sixtus III (1471—1484)," "a figurative potrayal," etc., etc.

The other two volumes before us come from Messrs. Herder, and so far as the text is concerned are of a very different character. They constitute in reality merely a reprint of certain selected portions of Baron von Pastor's "*Geschichte der Päpste*," dealing with artistic and architectural matters, but embellished and enhanced in value by a large number of excellent illustrations either of the objects described or of contemporary drawings and prints. The more important of the two deals with Rome architecturally considered at the close of the Renaissance period. The text has stood the test of many years of criticism and has been more than once revised by the learned and distinguished author. We can only say that the choice of illustrations has been most carefully made and that many monuments of much historical and archæological value may here be found which have probably never been brought together in any other collection. The format of the volume, a thin quarto, admits of a reproduction of the originals on a scale which renders them practically useful. The other book is a 16mo., which is entirely consecrated to the Sistine chapel and the Stanze and Loggie of the Vatican. It is not so lavishly or so well illustrated as that just described, but it is handy to carry in the pocket and the five pictures

will help to illustrate the text, while the descriptions, as readers of Pastor's great work will remember, give a singularly interesting account of the historical bearings of these artistic marvels which is of course not to be expected in an ordinary guide book. These two last works, so far as we know, have only been published in German in this form, but they might of course be used in combination with the authorized English translation of Pastor's well-known masterpiece.

## 2—LIFE AND WORD<sup>1</sup>

THE subject of this essay is the ancient problem of Universals, spontaneously revived in the mind of a modern physician and biologist as the result of reflection upon his own scientific practice and experience. What is a species or natural class, what are the common properties of things which form the basis of scientific classification, and what is the nature of that vital activity by which general ideas or universals are developed—these are the problems, although in a disguised form, with which Dr. Lloyd is occupied throughout. It is curious that he does not recognize them as very familiar philosophical topics.

The point of view is dominantly psychological and even biological. Evolution in its fullest range is assumed throughout. Dr. Lloyd's philosophic equipment is scanty and (it would seem) exclusively modern in date. His introduction to philosophy has been through Kant and Bergson and William James. We can only regret that it was not his fortune to start with Plato and Aristotle. His work is eminently sincere and unpretentious, but owing to this defect it is wholly lacking in historical perspective. For instance, Locke is said to have *discovered* that animals differ from man in not having the power of generalizing (p. 39); and it is apparently only since the time of Bishop Berkeley that psychologists have been able to distinguish between concepts and sensuous images (*ibid*). We must also add that the argument is frequently obscure and difficult to follow. Dr. Lloyd gives us the impression of a man having something really interesting to say, but who never quite succeeds in making contact with the mind of his readers.

We should like, therefore, to suggest in all friendliness that it might be worth his while to restate his thesis in methodical form and in relation to the pre-Kantian, pre-evolutionary tradition in philosophy and psychology. Such a re-statement might be of the greatest service to Dr. Lloyd himself, and it certainly would make his ideas more intelligible to the average reader.

<sup>1</sup> *Life and Word, an Essay in Psychology.* By R. E. Lloyd, M.B., D.Sc. London: Longmans. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1925.

At present he is assuming far more than he can properly ask us to accept. He is assuming all that is most questionable in Kant and Bergson. Let him think away some of these assumptions, let him (if we may so put it) clear his mind of Kant, and he will find perhaps a new insight and freedom in dealing with the profound problem on which he has, as it were, accidentally stumbled.

The last chapter, dealing with ethics and religion, is particularly obscure and ill-balanced. The outlook is, of course, subjectivistic and modernist: but the author's conclusions appear to have but the remotest connection with the principles developed in the preceding pages. One sentence we cannot, for its very strangeness, refrain from quoting. Speaking of generosity, Dr. Lloyd says: "What is here called generosity has much the same meaning as Freud's libido, *for that author makes it clear that by his new word he means the Eros of Plato and the Charity of St. Paul.*" The italics are ours. Dr. Lloyd gives us no further hint as to his (or Freud's) meaning in the passage, and we are utterly at a loss to conjecture it. The identification of St. Paul with Freudism is perhaps the wildest thing in the book, but a similar extravagance marks the treatment of other doctrines such as that of the Trinity and of justification by faith.

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### 3—PATRISTIC STUDIES<sup>1</sup>

WE are happy to notice an important contribution to Armenian studies by Father Mariès, which may be said to solve the important problem of Eznik of Kolb; this latter's treatise, now entitled by Father Mariès *De Deo*, has of late, for example, been made much of by Prof. Harnack in his studies on Marcion.

Father Mariès accepts the traditional date as *before* 449 A.D., but rejects both Bagratorini's division into four books, and the title, "Against the Sects." By a thorough analysis he shows that the treatise is really concerned with the knowledge of the true God; he also brings into relief the essential originality of Eznik, despite his many borrowings. He has added eight to the six sources of Eznik already known, and relates him in an interesting way with SS. Irenæus and Ephrem. He has studied the rendering of Greek terms with considerable care and inter-

<sup>1</sup> (1) *Le De Deo d'Eznik de Kolb, connu sous le nom de Contre les Sectes: études de critique littéraire et textuelle*: par Louis Mariès. Paris: Librairie orientaliste Paul Geuthner. Pp. 213. 1924.

(2) *Le Commentaire de Diodore de Tarse sur les Psaumes: Examen sommaire et classement provisoire des éléments de la tradition manuscrite*: par Louis Mariès. Paris: Librairie Auguste Picard. Pp. vii. 128. 1924.

esting results, and he also vindicates the completeness, unity and reliability of the Armenian text. He has written the prolegomena for a complete and critical edition of Eznik, which we hope he will be able to complete.

This dissertation has had a very favourable reception at the Sorbonne, Paris; as a supplementary thesis Father Mariès has brought out a careful textual study of the Commentary of Diodorus of Tarsus on the Psalms, examining the manuscripts already collated, with eleven new ones, three of which he has subjected to minute investigation. He has utilized all the work already done by Lietzmann, Faulhaber, Mercati, Vaccari and others on the *calenæ*, a study of itself comparatively new. This thesis has finally won Father Mariès his doctorate at the University of Paris, upon which he has our best congratulations.

#### 4—THE HOLY SEE AND RUSSIA<sup>1</sup>

THIS book is a further instalment of the great work on the diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Czars which Père Paul Pierling, a Russian Jesuit, began in 1896. After Père Pierling's death in 1922 his mantle fell on Père Boudou. Père Pierling's one aim and desire in life was to turn his own dearly-loved country towards Rome, and before he died he had time to communicate his plans and counsels to his successor during their year of intimacy at the Bollandists' house in Brussels. There, too, Père Boudou found the splendid library of Russian books which had been built up by P. Gagarin, P. Martinov and P. Pierling himself. In addition to this rich source the author had access to the secret archives of the Roman Secretariat of State and of the Congregation for extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs. His book then is one of the first importance, history *in excelsis*, which it is an education to read. The story he has to tell is sad as sad can be. It begins with the Concordat of 1847 which came to an untimely end owing to the hostility or indecision of the Czars and their officials. Poland rebelled for a second time in 1863, and the consequences for the Church in Russia were disastrous. Penal laws were passed and eventually open war was declared on Catholicism. Then follows a long and bitter tale of exiles and suppression and abominable bullying, until the last Uniate diocese in the land was disorganized and ruined. Imperial iniquity had done its worst, and no relief came until Leo XIII. ascended the throne of Peter and with his

<sup>1</sup> *Saint-Siège et la Russie: Leurs relations diplomatiques au XIXe siècle: Par Adrien Boudou, S.J. Tome II. Pp. xiii.—366. Paris, "Editions Spes." 30 francs. 1925.*

genius for conciliation succeeded in ending the long régime of violence and brutality.

Nothing in this fine book is so pleasant to read as the noble words of the Epilogue. Père Boudou is not bitter in spite of the tragic story he has recorded so well. The Czars, he says, were not and did not want to be Neros or Diocletians. Even the functionaries who set the terrible bureaucratic machine in motion and kept it going were not inspired by conscious hate. No, on the whole these men were *braves gens*, and themselves the victims of a rotten system which frustrated whatever good intentions they may have had by pandering to their prejudices of race and religion and caste. The judgment of God came upon the evil and antiquated bureaucracy of the Czars during the war. But, alas! it was a case of Beelzebub casting out devils, and who is going to cast out Beelzebub?

Another thing which Père Boudou's book brings home to its readers, and brings home without any laboured effort, is the noble attitude taken up by successive Popes in their dealings with Russia. Not many Governments could tell a tale of such fine restraint and forbearance nor boast of a higher and more unselfish ideal in their diplomatic relations.

#### 5—FALSE PROPHETS<sup>1</sup>

THE *Catholic World* is certainly one of the liveliest and most interesting of modern religious periodicals. It is up-to-date in the best sense as the articles re-published in the present book prove. Father Gillis, the distinguished editor of our contemporary, is nothing if not brave. Shaw, Wells, Freud, Conan Doyle, Nietzsche, Haeckel, Mark Twain and Anatole France are his quarry in these exhilarating essays, and they seem to me to get the worst of it all the time. Shaw is clever, witty, brilliant, a master of epigram, but original, no. "He follows a formula. The formula is to ridicule what the human race reverences and to extol what the human race abominates." His perverseness "is automatic and mechanical," and in the end it becomes a bore. He has no surprises for us because he is a kind of literary machine. If he were to write a play about Galileo we know beforehand that he would defend the Cardinals.

As for H. G. Wells, "the fanciful is his *métier* and it would be a psychological impossibility for a man with his riotous imagination to achieve a chapter, perhaps even a paragraph, without evincing the fact." Consequently, when reading his books,

<sup>1</sup> *False Prophets*. By James M. Gillis, C.S.P. New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. 201. Price, \$2.00. 1925.



it is necessary to remember that the theology or history or sociology to which he is treating us may at any moment turn into romance. It is not the fault of H. G. Wells. It is the way he is made. He is constitutionally incapable of such a plain undecorated thing as accuracy. Besides, he writes too much—sixty volumes, not to speak of countless articles, letters, etc.—and “no man can write so much and always know what he is writing about.” “Janssen spent forty years preparing to write the ‘History of the German People,’ and then he covered only two centuries. But Wells writes a ‘History of Life and Mankind’ beginning perhaps six hundred million years ago and coming down to the Treaty of Versailles.” And he does it in record time too. “He is equally at home in Archæology, Palæontology, Biology, Painting, Poetry, Music, Anthropology, Psychology, Ethics, Comparative Religion, Theology, Numismatics and Zoology. He speaks with equal confidence of Heliolithic Culture and of Tel-el-Amarna, of the Tatar Language and the Rosetta Stone, of Transubstantiation and of Quadrupedal Reptiles . . .” Wonderful Wells! When Father Gillis has done with him his prophet’s mantle is seen to be only motley after all.

The other writers listed in the book are dealt with in the same fashion. The criticism is nearly always sure and acute, and though it is possible now and then to disagree with the reverend author’s analysis, his conclusions are irreproachable. In the chapter on Freud it might have been well to point out that many psycho-analysts disagree profoundly with his theory of sex-complexes, while maintaining that the new psychology soberly interpreted has many elements of great value for the treatment of mental disorders. It is hardly fair to identify psycho-analysis with Freud’s unsavoury theories about it. His chapter on Anatole France also is perhaps a little too black, though with most of it we heartily agree. It is refreshing to read such sound criticism after the deluge of eulogistic rhetoric in which we were swamped a short time ago.

Two dollars is rather a big price to pay for this small book, and we wish the Macmillan Company could be persuaded to bring out a cheaper edition. Once in a way we agree entirely with a publisher advertising his own wares. “False Prophets” is certainly “a book vastly worth owning.”

## 6—TWO CELTIC SAINTS<sup>1</sup>

**I**N our review a month or two back of Dr. Charles Plummer’s “*Miscellanea Hagiographica Hibernica*” we had intended to include a notice of two excellent little Celtic studies which have

<sup>1</sup> (1) *The Life of St. David*. By A. W. Wade-Evans. S.P.C.K. Pp. xx. 124. Price, 7s. 6d. 1923.

(2) *The Life of St. Samson of Dol*. By Thomas Taylor. Same publishers. Pp. xlii. 82. Price, 5s. 1925.

come to us from the S.P.C.K., but space and leisure failed us. The one is concerned with the Life of St. Samson of Dol and is written by Mr. Thomas Taylor; the other, by Mr. A. W. Wade-Evans, deals with St. David (*Dewi Ddyvwr*), the patron saint of Wales. It is difficult for anyone but a specialist to estimate the value of such historical materials as those which are translated in these two books. As we have them they are far from being contemporary accounts. The Life of St. Samson seems to have the better claim to historical importance, but even here the author professes to derive his information from a very old man who learned the details from one Henoc, a nephew or cousin of the Saint, while the earliest surviving manuscript is not older than the tenth century. The Life of St. David is in even worse case. The most ancient biography is that compiled by Rhygyvarch about the year 1090, who professes to have had in his hands some "very old writings" in an obsolete penmanship, including some writings in David's own hand. What is certain is that both accounts are overloaded with miraculous events, often of a very extravagant type. One of these, taken from Mr. Wade-Evans' version of the Life of St. David, will serve to give an idea both of the work of the translator and of the nature of the materials dealt with. It runs as follows:

On a certain day when the brethren were assembled together, they complain, saying, "This place of yours," say they, "has waters in winter, but in summer scarcely does the river flow in a tiny stream." Having heard this the holy father started out and arrived at a place very near, where an angel was wont to talk with him; and praying there hard and long, with eyes raised to heaven, he asked for the water needed. With the voice of his praying, there flowed a fountain of clearest water. And because the country was not fruitful in vines, it was turned into wine for the use of the sacrament of the Lord's Body and Blood, so that in his time it never lacked pure wine, a most worthy gift to such a man from the Lord God.

Not less extravagant is the story of the "fire-spitting serpent" which flung a lump of earth at St. Samson, but which, after Samson had made a circle around it and planted the emblem of the cross within the circle, was rendered innocuous, until finally, at the Saint's word, "the serpent stood on its tail, and raising its head aloft, and absurdly making a bow of itself, cast forth all its venom and was dead."

Nevertheless, we distinctly agree with the writers of the two books before us that, preposterous as most of this Celtic hagiographical literature may seem, we cannot dismiss it offhand as pure romance. It contains considerable germs of truth in its more sober statements regarding the succession of events, the

names of places and people, centres of religious and educational influence, religious customs and the like. We must confess that for those who scrutinize this Celtic literature narrowly there is little to bear out the tradition, elaborated for the most part by strong nationalist partisanship, of the high standard of religious virtue commonly attributed to this "age of the Saints." There were often strange feats of asceticism, no doubt, and many sensational penances are recorded, but one gets at times some surprising glimpses of contemporary manners even in those who were reputed virtuous. There is, for example, a certain Piro mentioned in the Life of St. Samson who is described as "an eminent man and holy priest." He is even in one place called St. Piro, if Sanctus Piro should be so translated. Of his end we are told: "One dark night the same Piro took a solitary stroll into the grounds of the monastery, and what is more serious, so it is said, owing to stupid intoxication, fell headlong into a deep pit. Uttering one piercing cry for help, he was dragged out of the hole by the brothers in a dying condition and died in the night from his adventure." Perhaps the phrase "so it is said" saves the situation, but as Mr. Taylor points out, there is a clause in the chapter devoted to an eulogy of St. Samson's virtues which is not a little significant. *Nunquam aliquis vidit eum ebrium*, we are told, "never did anyone see him drunk"; and the same friendly critic recalls a monastic rule which we find in the Penitential attributed to Gildas: "If anyone is unable to sing office on account of drunkenness, being incoherent of speech, let him be deprived of his supper"; which according to modern ideas would hardly seem an adequate penalty.

Both these volumes seem to us excellently edited and sympathetic in tone, and in the case more especially of Mr. Wade-Evans' "Life of St. David," the 62 closely-printed pages of notes must have involved very considerable research. The S.P.C.K. may be congratulated upon the scholarly series of publications of which these two lives are favourable specimens.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### THEOLOGICAL.

THE Rev. J. Tixeront, author of *L'Ordre et les Ordinations* (Gabalda: 9.00 fr.), explains in his preface that this is not a complete study of his subject and pleads lack of opportunity in these difficult times as his excuse. Yet he has given us a fairly full account of this most important matter, treating it in the light of recent research and legislation. In his chapter on the origin and nature of the Christian priesthood he attacks the Reformers' contention (as revived by E. Hatch), that the clerical Order was merely disciplinary, lay people having as much claim to the title of

"priest" as those actually "ordained." How truly all Christians share in the priesthood he explains with reference to Scripture and the Fathers (p. 48). These few pages in particular make us regret that many of the numerous quotations in the book are not translated, for the subject of Orders has a universal interest in these days of "reunion." As instances of the writer's power in laying bare the facts of certain controversies in the Sacrament of Orders, we may cite his discussion of the Bull of Innocent VIII. (p. 191) and his summing up of the controversy on the matter and form of Orders (p. 174).

**Caritaswissenschaft**, by Dr. Franz Keller, published in the series *Theologische Grundrisse* (Herder, Freiburg im Breisgau. Bound, 4.60 G.M.; unbound, 3.60 G.M.), is a historical and theological study of Christian charity. The work is a text-book, in German, principally intended for students of theology; C.E.G. members and social students may find it useful. Both the historical survey of Christian altruism in Europe, and the philosophical examination of the principle are systematically and concisely treated. Dr. Keller ably defends the Catholic view—charity is the duty of every individual, a duty imposed by the new commandment—against Socialist and humanitarian pleas. He has added to each chapter a useful reading list, but we regret that only German literature is mentioned.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL.

A good text book is a great boon. The *Traité de Philosophie* of Père Gaston Sortais, S.J. (Lethielleux: 2 vols., Fifth Ed., 60 francs), is so good, that it has been for some years a classic in the Catholic schools of France. The maxim of the old doctors, *ens et agens conveniuntur*, to be is to do, is the keynote of the treatise. It is full, fresh, beautifully clear and up-to-date. The bearing of scholastic theories on the problems which worry us at the present day is everywhere wisely stressed. But still, many notable names are absent from the elaborate bibliographies. Bergson is there indeed: Croce and Gentile are not, though surely their theories deserve consideration in a book which professes to be complete. The skirmishing with such discredited prophets as Bain and Mill seems to us somewhat superfluous zeal, but on the whole it may safely be said that Père Sortais' book is the best elementary treatise on Catholic philosophy which has appeared in recent years.

Emilio Chiochetti has written an admirable account of Croce's theories in *La filosofia di Benedetto Croce* (Società "Vita e Pensiero": 15 lire), thus filling a gap in Catholic philosophical literature. In his modest "Avvertenza" the distinguished author tells us his aim was twofold, in the first place to give a faithful exposition and interpretation of the great Italian idealist's thought, and then to show its value and defects from the scholastic point of view. He has done both very well indeed. The theories of Croce and Gentile are extremely interesting and one could not ask for a clearer, more objective and sober criticism of them than is contained in this model little book. If all Catholic essays on philosophy were as scientific and scholarly how well off we should be!

Another excellent book from the same publishers is Maria Sticco's *Il Pensiero di S. Bernardino da Siena* (Società "Vita e Pensiero": 6 lire). Love, duty and joy, summed up San Bernardino's philosophy. It is

exhilarating in these days of conflicting ideals to read his deep, wise thoughts on the nature of man, on education, on the family, on social life. No wonder he was such a great reformer.

## DEVOTIONAL.

Whatever Father Joseph Rickaby writes is sure to be at once bright and scholarly. The latest of his many books is no exception. In *St. Augustine's City of God* (B.O. and W.: 3s. 6d.) he sets out to give what he modestly terms "a view of the contents" of that mighty treatise, but his little volume is very much more than a resumé. It throws floods of light on many obscure corners of Augustine's very complicated thesis. All that is best in it and all that has still a point for us moderns is duly underlined. People are told so often to read the *de Civitate* if they would get a liberal education on easy terms, and then when they do read it they are puzzled and disappointed. It is not an arm-chair book. Father Rickaby says with refreshing candour that it "is in many respects an antiquated book." If we remember this, and if we remember the emergency that created it we shall be better able to appreciate its greatness. With Father Rickaby for a counsellor and Dean Welldon's recent splendid edition for a text the serious Catholic student is well-equipped for exploring the mind of the Church's greatest Doctor.

A Canoness living under the rule and spirit of St. Augustine, has provided her readers with a daily suggestion from the rich and helpful teaching of her holy patron in *A daily Thought from St. Augustine* (Sands: 2s. 6d.). Many of these thoughts will be already familiar to Catholic readers, as they have become part of our devotional heritage, but it is convenient to have them arranged, one for each day of the year. It would help a little if we were given some inkling of the sources. All that goes under Augustine's name was not written by Augustine.

Under the title, *Il Regno del SS. Cuore de Gesu* (Società "Vita e Pensiero": 15 lire), Mons. Giacomo Sinibaldi has written a devout book on devotion to the Sacred Heart. Its thoughts seem a little flat at times and one feels that what is said might have been said in fewer than 560 pages. The frontispiece is an example of very cheap art.

It is not necessary to do more than mention the issue of a new edition of *Christ the Life of the Soul* by the late Abbot Marmion, O.S.B. (Sands: 12s. 6d.). The book, as everybody knows, is a devotional classic of the finest kind, a systematization of the spiritual life with the New Testament Scriptures for its basis.

A fascinating little book, called *Dévotions et Pratiques Ascétiques du Moyen Age* (Lethielleux: 7.00 fr.), by Dom Louis Gougaud, forms Vol. XXI. of the Benedictine Collection "Pax." The first chapter, entitled "Les Gestes de la Prière," tells us that the action of joining our hands when we pray, which seems now so simple and natural, was absolutely unknown to the Christians of the first eight centuries. It was only in the thirteenth century that it became the general custom, ousting the older gestures of hands raised to Heaven or extended in the form of a cross. Dom Gougaud suggests and gives good arguments for his suggestion that the new practice was taken over from the ceremonies of feudalism. It is certain that in the ninth century, the feudal

oath was taken by the vassal with his hands joined between the hands of his Lord, and joined in exactly the same way as the rubrics of the Missal direct the priest to join his hands at various points of the Mass. The first part of the book deals with various mediæval devotions. The mere headings will suffice to show the interest of this section, "L'Orientation dans la Prière," "La Dévotion à l'Autel," "Pourquoi le Samedi, a-t-il été consacré à la Sainte Vierge?", "Les antécédents de la Dévotion au Sacré-Coeur," "Mourir sous le froc." In the second part the author deals with certain very popular ascetical practices of the Middle Ages. Coming from Dom Gougaud's pen one would expect the book to be scholarly, and scholarly it assuredly is. The first chapter alone, has eleven pages of notes appended to it.

The excellent *Liturgical Prayer Book*, edited by the Abbot Cabrol, O.S.B., of Farnborough, which has reached us from another publisher, may also be obtained from Mr. B. Herder, of London, at prices varying with the binding and paper, the lowest being (cloth) 5s., (India paper) 5s. 6d. It combines in its 960 pages the utility of a Missal, Vespers, Ritual and Book of General Devotions.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL

In *Marie de l'Agnes Dei* (Herder: 7s. 6d.) Father Michael Hill, S.J., has translated for the benefit of English readers the particularly fragrant record of a young life in which vocation to the religious state explains its supernatural character. In the sketch it gives of a laughing, and happy girl who carried into religion the qualities that the world loves, vocation as a fact is presented. Marie-Anne-Hervé-Bazin joined the Religious of Marie Réparatrice. Her own writings, letters and spiritual notes, afford an insight into a wonderful soul given up to the ideal of expiation. Her uncle, M. René Bazin, the novelist, prefaces the story of her life with words of personal reminiscence which serve to make the reader realize that this is no mediæval saint of whom we are reading, but a modern in whom burnt "The flame of divine Love which cannot be extinguished."

Readers of Catholic devotional literature are familiar with the name of the subject of an interesting memoir, *Father Maurice Meschler* (Herder, Freiburg: 5.00g.m.), by Father Scheid, S.J., who sketches the career of the holy and talented Jesuit, and shows us, as we might have expected, a man who lived in complete accordance with the high principles he taught. But Father Meschler is not only the fatherly novice-master, experienced director, and indefatigable apostle of the pen, but he lives in Father Scheid's book as the cheerful, kind-hearted, generous friend of young and old. A biography of one who led a retired life, seldom interrupted by unusual incidents may easily become uninteresting. Once or twice, for want of incident (notably in the first half of chapter viii.), the biographer allows a cloud of generalities to hide Meschler's personality; but a series of charmingly human letters soon brings the living man again before us.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary has had a host of biographers and many of them have been very distinguished men. The latest life of her was crowned by the French Academy and appears now in an Italian dress: *S. Elisabetta d'Ungheria*, by Emilio Horn (Società "Vita e Pensiero":



8 lire). The translation is well done, but non-Italian readers will surely prefer to read M. Emile Horn's charming French.

#### HISTORICAL

Students of Franciscan history, and of mediæval mysticism will welcome the learned study of the Joachimist movement among the "spiritual" Franciscans recently published by P. Guido Bondatti, O.F.M. (*Gioachinismo e Francescanismo nel Duecento*, pp. 164. Assisi, 1924). The great influence which the writings, apocalyptic and prophetic, of the saintly Cistercian abbot, Joachim of Flora, exercised over the imagination of many in the thirteenth century, is attested by the writings of the theologians and poets of that age and by the acts of ecclesiastical authority. That Joachim was a man of extraordinary holiness there can be no doubt. As little can it be doubted that as a writer, and especially as interpreter of Scripture, he showed the strangest lack of discretion and self-criticism. Both St. Thomas and St. Bonaventure had to deal with the openly heretical conclusions which had been extracted from the writings of Joachim by disciples to whom the authority of the Church was of less consequence than to the master himself. Thus, though no heretic himself, Joachim is historically the father of many errors which ordinary prudence would have enabled him to foresee. Father Bondatti has given us an exceedingly full and well-documented account of the whole movement in so far as it affected the Franciscan body.

#### NON-CATHOLIC WORKS.

It is impossible to do justice to Dr. F. R. Tennant's three lectures, *Miracle and its Philosophical Presuppositions* (Cambridge University Press: 4s. 6d. net), in a few words. The author's discussion of the fundamental ideas with which the problem of the miraculous, and the evidential value of miracles, is concerned, deserves the most careful scrutiny. Not all his conclusions will win acceptance: but their rejection will call for close reasoning and a gift of steady analysis. The lecturer's position is that miracles, such as can be of evidential value in the defence of Christianity, are possible, but cannot with certainty be identified as such. This is not the Catholic position, for it would destroy the object for which miracles are sometimes wrought. However, there is much in the book to help those who would clear up their minds on a difficult question. His method, which is largely historical, helps to emphasize the reality of the issues involved. He prints a valuable note on Deism, on pp. 96, 97.

In the new volume of his course of Apologetics—*Apologetique. Livre III. Demonstration du Catholicisme* (La Bonne Presse: 7.00 fr.)—Canon Eugène Duplessy sets out to prove that the Catholic Church is the true Church. The work is in two divisions—the first, which is purely apologetic, unfolds what reason can tell us about the Church; the second, which is theological, lays down what the Church teaches about herself. For practical purposes this is perhaps the best method of treatment: but it is open to the objection that theology has no place in a course of pure Apologetics. We would suggest, moreover, that his two chapters in the second part on the members and the authority of the Church are

far from exhausting all that theology knows about the Church. A disproportionate amount of space is given to Inspiration (pp. 388-469). These remarks, which touch questions of method much debated in these days, must not be taken as detracting from the real merits of a work which is clearly written, and full of excellent matter.

It is a pity that Archbishop D'Arcy of Armagh did not, in his interesting lecture, *Science and Creation: the Christian Interpretation* (Longmans: 3s. 6d. net), take into his purview the Catholic doctrine of origins. He quotes freely from men of science, whether believers or not, about evolutionary theories, but does not set against them the rival expositions of the great Catholic doctors which are at least quite as worthy of attention. He therefore fails, though himself orthodox in intention, to stress the insurmountable difficulties in the way of materialistic evolution—the emergence of life and reason from brute matter—and the wholly inadequate grounds for definitely accepting evolution. And in his praise-worthy endeavour to show that recent discoveries in science are in no way opposed to Christian doctrine, but rather help to explain it, he seems to depreciate the real knowledge of the pre-scientific age. The "older theologians" of whom he speaks knew as much of the problem of evil as we do, for they knew, what science itself dimly indicates, that man is fallen and must choose his own redemption.

A Lenten course preached by an Anglican Chaplain who came into a certain prominence during the war—the Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy—and called *The Word and the Work* (Longmans: 2s. 6d. net), evidences a soul keenly alive to the sin and misery of the world, conscious of their causes in human selfishness and eager to remedy them. But he is more successful in diagnosing the complaint, which he does in strong and often eloquent language, than in giving definite suggestions about its remedy. In general he is right: man must return to God through Christ: but these discourses do not show the details of the way.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

HARDING AND MORE, London.

*The New Psychology.* By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. Pp. x. 358. Price, 12s. 6d.

HERDER, Freiburg.

*Die Stadt Rom zu Ende der Renaissance.* By Ludwig von Pastor. Pp. xvi. 140. Price, 8 m. 80.

MARIETTI, Turin.

*Tractatus Canonico-Moralis de Cen-*

*suris.* By Felix M. Cappello, S.J. Pp. xvi. 518. No price indicated.

METHUEN, London.

*The Malaret Mystery.* By Olga Hartley. Pp. 252. Price, 7s. 6d.

UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE, London.

*The Jesuit Martyrs of North America.* By John Wynne, S.J. Pp. xii. 246. Price, \$1 50 c.

